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E R R O R S
OF
E D U C A T I O N.



THE
E R R O R S
O F
E D U C A T I O N.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY MRS. PARSONS.

DEDICATED (BY PERMISSION)
TO THE RIGHT HON. THE COUNTESS OF
HILLSBOROUGH.

Instability of Mind impedes our Road to Perfection; and Youth,
if not animated by *Example* to illustrate the *Precepts*
of Virtue, will ever fall into Error.

VOL III.

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M D C C X C I.



E R R O R S
O F
E D U C A T I O N.

NEWS FROM ABROAD.

THE next day Lady Beaumont was highly rejoiced at receiving a large packet from her son, though both surprised and shocked at some of the contents, the letter was as follows:—

VOL. III.

B

Dearest

ERRORS OF EDUCATION.

Lisle.

Dearest Madam,

“ After a very pleasant journey, without experiencing any other inconvenience but from the severity of the cold, we arrived safe at Lisle, where we design to rest for a few weeks—the letters I carried with me have introduced me to some very respectable families, and the amusements of the town have been of infinite service both to my health and spirits; the latter indeed received a great shock about three days since, the occasion this—there was an assembly to which Mr. Thompson and myself were invited, at one of the first houses in the town, and we prepared to avail ourselves of the invitation; just as we stepped into the coach an equipage passed us with a lady and gentleman, I was struck with the transient view I had of the lady, convinced that her face was not unknown to me, but judge of my surprise and emotions, after entering the room and being introduced to several of the company, on turning to take my seat,



seat, my attention was suddenly riveted by a lady dressed in the gayest style, and whom I presently recognised as Mrs. Rivers! I stood transfixed; the most painful sensations occupied my bosom, and my emotions were so visible that Mr. Thompson taking my arm and drawing me to a seat, are you not well? he hastily demanded—indeed I was not, a sickness came over my heart, and only the behavior of that woman, by exciting my indignation, could have recovered me, my eyes being still fixed on her, as her's were on me; at first I thought she appeared disconcerted, but recovering herself, and flirting her fan with an air of contempt, she whispered something to the gentleman who stood before her, who, turning his eyes full on me, returned the whisper; the lady affected a laugh, rose from her seat, and they both retired to a different part of the room, with all the non-challenge imaginable.—Provoked at her insensibility and insolence, though I felt myself an aggressor, yet I could not forgive her appearance; not the smallest compliment

paid to the memory of her unfortunate daughter, whose death I shall ever deplore, but which seems to have made no impression on her worthless mother, dressed with all the gaiety of fifteen, and devoid of common sensibilities, what a despicable woman! indignation, as I observed, revived my spirits, and casting a look at her, expressive of my feelings, I took no further notice, but joined in the amusements of the evening. She declined dancing but I observed the same gentleman constantly at her side, and seeing an English gentleman who lodged in the same hotel with us, speak to him, I took an opportunity to ask him if he knew the gentleman and lady, he replied, "the lady is English, a woman of fashion, I believe, but I do not know her name, the gentleman is *Monf. de Renier*, they have only been here two days, are come from Paris, and I understand are going to *Brussels*; whether they are married, or only on a jaunt of pleasure and gallantry I know not, as my knowledge of *Monf. de Renier* is very slight and

and accidental." — On our return to the hotel I was obliged to give some satisfaction to the affectionate concern of Mr. Thompson, though I spared him the knowledge of my crime out of respect to the memory of the ever regretted Miss Rivers. As I by no means wished to encounter a second interview, I proposed to my worthy friend remaining a few weeks here, and whether married or single hope they will have quitted Brussels before we enter it. I have written to Lord Stormer and enclosed Sir Edward Stanley's letter. I hope my amiable cousin is well and contributes to your happiness, most ardently do I wish my uncle had brought her to London some months sooner, but regret is unavailing, and 'tis fit we should suffer for our follies. Present my sincerest respects and warmest good wishes to her and all your worthy friends, and may my dearest mother recover and preserve that tranquillity her virtues deserve, and which never more shall be interrupted by her truly affectionate, obliged and grateful son,

P. S. Mr. Thompson writes Mr. Thornhill, to whom I have a thousand obligations for the pleasure he has procured me in the company of this truly valuable man.

Lady Beaumont could scarcely recover from the astonishment this letter had thrown her into—that Mrs. Rivers, whom she had so lately heard from, whom she supposed to be in Paris, should be so devoid of common humanity and maternal affection as to slight even the appearance of decent mourning for an only child, and travel about with gentlemen—such strange unaccountable conduct could not be reconciled with common sense or decency, and she foresaw the miserable consequences of such improper behavior. From such disagreeable reflections she was roused by the entrance of Mrs. Warner and Mr. and Mrs. Harris, who came, they said, to pay their respects to Lady Beaumont, previous to their leaving England; they lamented the disagreeable event which precluded

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ed them from cultivating an intimacy, from which they promised themselves so much honor and pleasure; but the elder Mr. Harris had been for some time in a bad state of health, his physicians had ordered him to the south of France, and he doated so much on his daughter, that neither duty nor inclination, she said, would permit her to decline her attendance on him. I commend your resolution, my dear madam, replied Lady Beaumont, and hope Mr. Harris will receive benefit from his tour, but whatever is the event you will find satisfaction in the performance of a grateful duty. She mentioned having herd from her son, and added, if chance should throw you in the way of each other on the Continent, I am sure William will find much pleasure in paying you every attention to which he knows from me, you are so justly entitled. They thanked her ladyship for her politeness, and taking leave had her best wishes for their happiness. Miss Maybank regretted their absence, for their characters had inspired her with much respect

8 ERRORS OF EDUCATION.

for them, and desire to be of their acquaintance. Mrs. Warner asked Lady Beaumont how much longer she intended to remain in town, we shall be on the wing for Warwickshire next week, said she, and the Stanleys will soon follow us. I do not think of returning to Sion Park this season, answered her ladyship, although I shall greatly feel the want of your society, but I have no inclination to go there in my son's absence; I have requested Mr. Thornhill to enquire out some small decent habitation for us to spend the summer months in, either at, or in the neighbourhood of Richmond—Indeed, cried Mrs. Warner, I am sorry that is your determination, though self-interest apart, I must confess, the situation you wish for more calculated to amuse Miss Maybank than our dull neighbourhood. I intend making a short summer of it, and instead of going to Bath next season, may possibly pass a few weeks on the banks of the Thames. That resolution of yours will considerably add to our pleasures, said Lady Beaumont, and was going

going to add something more, when Lady Godfrey, Mrs. Hargrave and Sir Charles Frankly were announced, who came, they said, to take the ladies into Hyde-park; Miss Maybank, at first, hesitated to comply with their request, she thought the less she saw Sir Charles the better, during her present state of suspense, but Lady Godfrey urging her to order her cloak, she had not resolution to refuse but prepared to accompany them, her aunt remaining with Mrs. Warner, who, after the young folks were gone, asked Lady Beaumont, if Sir Charles Frankly was not an admirer of Miss Maybank? he certainly has never made any addresses to her, answered her ladyship, but I think he esteems her: I am *sure* of it, replied the other, and really congratulate her on such a conquest, for Sir Charles Frankly has a most amiable character, was a good son, and has proved himself an affectionate generous brother, which gives almost a moral certainty he will make a good husband: he has a fine fortune and a most agreeable figure, and altogether

is unexceptionable where there is no prepossession in favor of another. I have a high opinion of Sir Charles, answered Lady Beaumont, but can say nothing as to an event you allude to, my niece, I believe, will submit to the commands of her father in such important matters, and I shall interfere as little as possible. As Mrs. Warner took leave Lord Summers was announced, and being informed Louisa was gone into the Park, made a short visit and followed her—he soon found the party and made no difficulty of joining them, though a little disconcerted at seeing Sir Charles so close in his attendance.

After parading about two hours in the park, Lady Godfrey set Miss Maybank down in Stanhope-street, having previously obliged her to promise she would accompany them in the evening to the opera, which engagement being known to Lord Summers, he took care to be very near the party, and also to be of her escort home.

THE

THE CANDOUR OF AN INGENIOUS MIND.

The following morning Lady Beaumont received a letter from her brother, the contents were very short, "he was surprised and displeased, Louisa should presume to wish permission to decline receiving the addresses of Lord Summers, but he had absolutely given his *promise* from which he never receded, and therefore expected she would be ready to give her hand to Lord Summers within a month, settlements were already preparing, and he should be in town within a fortnight, though only such an event could have brought him to London again—he concluded with requiring implicit obedience from the daughter, and an entire concurrence from his sister to an union so desirable."

Lady Beaumont felt a very sincere concern in reading this letter, she confessed Sir Charles Frankly much more deserving her niece, and it was very plain to her he would be the object of her choice was she at liberty

to determine, but she knew her brother too well to hope he would be influenced by any thing she or his daughter could say; besides, with what propriety could she own a preference, when there had been no absolute avowal of Sir Charles's passion? she was interrupted in her reverie by the entrance of Miss Maybank, to whom she delivered her father's letter without a single comment—the perusal of which brought tears into her eyes, but after a little pause, she said, well my dearest madam, my lesson is very short, I have nothing to do but to submit, for, in truth, I cannot form a single objection. She retired to her room and endeavored to reconcile her mind to an event which she saw was inevitable. But her tranquillity was short, for within an hour after, the following letter was delivered to her.

TO MISS MAYBANK,

Madam,

“Do not judge too severely of that temerity which breaks through the rules, I had
3 prescribed

prescribed myself, not to have confessed my particular admiration of Miss Maybank, 'till time and my assiduities might have given me some claim to hope for her esteem. But apprehensive of the numberless addresses you will undoubtedly receive, I can no longer restrain myself from soliciting permission to offer myself a candidate for the happiness of being esteemed by you;—I will not presume to solicit an answer, propitious be your silence! nor will I take the liberty to address myself to Lord Maybank until such time as his lovely daughter shall think me deserving the honor of her esteem. I am, with the highest respect, and most perfect admiration,

Madam,

Your devoted humble servant,

CHARLES FRANKLY."

Poor Frankly! sighed Miss Maybank, I feel for your disappointment, but it would be cruel to keep him in suspense, and the sooner I put an end to his pretensions the better,
for

for I only add to my own regret by admitting his visits which can answer no purpose now, but to make both unhappy. Sitting down at her writing desk, with painful feelings she wrote these lines.

SIR CHARLES FRANKLY,

Sir,

“ I had the honor to receive your letter, and think myself both honored and obliged by the esteem you profess for me, and if it will afford you any pleasure, scruple not to confess there is no man whose good opinion I would prefer to Sir C. Frankly’s—but this, sir, is all the acknowledgment I can return, for I have received my father’s commands to admit the addresses of Lord Summers—those commands with me are sacred, and I must teach my heart to be obedient to the will of him who gave me being; from hence, sir, you will see the necessity of declining those visits, which, I confess, afforded me pleasure, but in our present situation, can answer

no

no good purpose to either. Accept my best, my sincerest wishes for your happiness, and believe me, with a due sense of your merit,

Sir,

Your obliged and most obedient servant,

LOUISA MAYBANK."

On reperusing what she had wrote, the style did not please her, she considered and began another letter, but the agitation of her mind rather increased than diminished, and she was forced to give up the attempt and let the first go—before she sealed it she went into Lady Beaumont's dressing room, and giving her both letters, do me the favor, my dear aunt, to look over these papers, and judge if I have acted properly. When her ladyship had perused them, she said, yes, my dear girl, you have conducted yourself with that candour and discretion I expected, it avails nothing to regret now, yet I cannot help wishing Sir Charles had superceded Lord Summers in an application to your father, but,

but, indeed both offers are so very unexceptionable that you have reason to value yourself on being so distinguished. I am grateful to both gentlemen, replied Miss Maybank, but I could have wished not to be so soon hurried into an engagement which requires much prudence and discretion to conduct. However, the sooner I send this letter the better; then calling a servant, she dispatched him with that fatal epistle which cost *her* some sighs and was to overwhelm a worthy man with the most poignant distress.

This was to be a day of embarrassment to poor Louisa, early in the evening came Lord Summers, and after some general chit chat, he addressed himself particularly to Miss Maybank. I presume, madam, 'tis unnecessary for me to declare my perfect admiration of you, nor mention the application I have made to Lord Maybank for leave to address his charming daughter; I have been honored with *his* approbation, but may I flatter myself that Miss Maybank will deign
to

to approve my addressee, that she will condescend to accept the hand of one whose whole life shall be exerted to deserve the obligation, and procure happiness to her on whose favor all *his* felicity in this world must depend? there was something Louisa thought too studied in this speech, and she found herself less embarrassed than she expected; after a little hesitation, she replied, I am greatly indebted to your lordship for the partiality you honor me with, but permit me to observe, my lord, the very little time I have been known is surely insufficient to give you that knowledge of my character, necessary to be understood, previous to any addressee or applications—pardon me, madam, for interrupting you, a very slight knowledge of Miss Maybank is sufficient to fix her character with the discerning, where the mind is legible in the face; and every sentiment is expressive of good sense and judgment; a man must be blind and insensible not to distinguish her merit. Without accepting a compliment I have no claim to, replied she, pardon

don me, my lord, if I candidly confess, I cannot content myself with a superficial knowledge of the man to whom I am to look up to for my future happiness. I presume not to judge of your lordship's merit, and 'tis sufficient to command my respect and esteem that my father approves, but surely female delicacy requires some little compliment, and a young woman ought not to be hurried into an union before she is capable of knowing in what degree of estimation she is to hold the man who claims her love and obedience. Whilst I adore your delicacy, madam, he answered with a dejected air, I feel extremely mortified to find you capable of such nice distinctions as too plainly proves I am not happy enough to have found an advocate in your breast; but I was informed by Lady Beaumont you was disengaged, and flatter'd myself, I was not totally unworthy your acceptance, perhaps I have been too precipitate, but your father having approved my pretensions and appearing desirous to accelerate our union, my heart was

too deeply interested, not readily to accept the blessing he was willing to bestow.

My lord, said Miss Maybank, coldly, my aunt told you true when she said I was disengaged, and I have a due sense of your merit and my obligations to your good opinion. I will also acknowledge that my duty to my father has its due weight with me, and that his commands determine my destiny. It shall be the study of my life, charming Miss Maybank, replied he, kissing her hand, to make that destiny happy and glorious, to prove to you, the man before you respects and esteems you with a warmth superior to that transient passion which mere beauty inspires; nor does he despair of conciliating your affections if the most perfect love and attention to your happiness can deserve your heart. The entrance of Lady Beaumont changed the conversation, to the great relief of Miss Maybank, who, although she could not refuse her esteem to Lord Summers, was very little inclined to admit him

as a lover, yet knowing her father's disposition she determined to subdue her indifference, if possible, and submit to commands she could neither contend with nor avoid.

The following day Lady Godfrey called on her and being alone in her dressing room she received her with very visible emotions; I am come to take leave of you, my dear Miss Maybank, said her ladyship, in two days we set off for Berkshire—in two days! cried Miss Maybank — yes, resumed she, we leave Town sooner than we designed, to accommodate a friend Sir James is extremely anxious about, and whom he has prevailed upon to accompany us; Mr. and Mrs. Hargrave and my sister will follow in another week—perhaps, my dear Miss Maybank, great changes may have taken place before I have the pleasure of seeing you again; whatever they are, may they be productive of happiness to you; and I hope your friends will have too much generosity to repine in the disappointment of their wishes.

Miss

Miss Maybank, overcome with the delicacy and kindness of Lady Godfrey, could no longer command her tears, taking her hand, believe me, dear madam, no one esteems or respects you and *your friends* more than myself, and I will own in the happiness of those you are interested for, I could have found my own—but a father's commands demand obedience, and where no reasonable objection can be made, I have no alternative but to acquiesce. There is the thing, replied Lady Godfrey, we must suffer without the right of complaining, and admire the very motive for a rejection which destroys all our hopes. However, time and our joint endeavors, will, I flatter myself, restore the tranquillity now so deeply wounded, and enable us, in a few months, to meet again with pleasure. I most fervently hope it, said Miss Maybank, for the happiness of my friends will be necessary to promote mine. After a little general conversation Lady Godfrey went down to pay her compliments

to

to Lady Beaumont, and with expressions of the highest esteem parted with her valuable friends.

Miss Maybank dropped a few tears, but endeavoring to regain her composure, she felt the warmest gratitude to her ladyship for the delicacy she observed in not mentioning Sir Charles Frankly, and was rejoiced he accompanied them to their seat, rather than to have gone alone to his own; perhaps, said she, trying to suppress a sigh, perhaps in the country he may become sensible to the charms of Miss Raikson, Lady Godfrey will rejoice to call him brother and the young lady is deserving his esteem—may they both be happy. For several days nothing material took place, till one evening Lady Beaumont and Louisa went with Lord Summers to Drury-Lane, and soon after they were seated Lord Delmot came into the same box, he spoke slightly to Lord Summers, and pushing rather rudely by him seated himself behind Miss Maybank to whom he addressed

a profusion of compliments, to which she answered in the coldest and most forbidding manner she could assume, but he had too much confidence and self-importance to be easily distanced, and became so very troublesome that Lord Summers could no longer avoid interfering, and turning to Lord Delmot, with some asperity in his manner, sir, said he, I must request you will not prevent Miss Maybank's entertainment by continual interruptions which cannot be agreeable to her, or others. If by *others*, you mean yourself I am mighty indifferent about your approbation sir, but I certainly shall not deny myself the pleasure of conversing with this lady—before Lord Summers could reply, which he rose in some haste to do, Louisa, with admirable presence of mind, said to Lord Delmot, at another time sir no doubt I might be honored by your conversation, but at present I beg to be permitted to decline it as I wish to enjoy the entertainment I came purposely to hear. To a lady's request, madam, I am all obedience, but at
another

another time I shall hope for the honor of a more particular conversation in spite of any impertinent interference, added he, looking disdainfully on Lord Summers, who, however, kept his temper, as the other did his place behind Miss Maybank; and when the play was over, and the carriage ready, politeness impelled Lord Summers to offer his hand to Lady Beaumont, Lord Delmot instantly seized Louisa's nor could she without great particularity avoid receiving his assistance; when he handed her into the carriage he made a profound bow and walked off, not a little mortified at seeing Lord Summers enter the carriage with them, but being joined in the lobby by some of his friends, he was rallied for his attention to Lord Summers' intended bride—how! said he, is she really to be married to him, yes, answered one of them, every thing is concluded on, I had it from his particular friend. O, if that's the case, cried Lord Delmot, carelessly, I have done with the affair for the present, a few weeks after marriage,

marriage, or next season, perhaps, if no prettier women comes in my way, I may honor her with my attention again, and the poor thing will be grateful enough, I warrant, when out of the hands of the old dowager, and sick of her *oldish* husband, for the fellow is old enough to be her father, though, to do him justice, he is not absolutely frightful, yet he must be a consummate fool if he thinks to keep that fine creature to himself. Such were the libertine principles of Lord Delmot, and such are the general maxims of fine gentlemen under the veil of gallantry and politeness; detestable covering for the most odious vices! Miss Maybank observed Lord Summers appeared much ruffled by the obstinate perseverance of the other, and laughing, said, poor Lord Delmot was highly mortified from being precluded the pleasure of hearing himself talk; I fear he was very troublesome to you, said his lordship, not in the least, answered she, at another time I could have been diverted with his absurdities, but I wished to

attend to the play this evening; in my opinion he is a character so truly contemptible, from the volubility of his tongue and affectation of his manner, as never to deserve anger, and only incur that perfect indifference, which, to him, must be the severest mortification. I believe you are perfectly right, my dear Miss Maybank, said Lord Summers, with much cheerfulness, but in general he is a favorite with the ladies—for the same reason, I suppose, replied she, smiling, as my kitten and carlo are favorites of mine, because they sometimes amuse me with their tricks, and men and animals may occasionally answer the same purpose. This lively fallacy of her's had its desired effect, reconciled Lord Summers to the intrusion of Lord Delmot, and delighted him with the distinction implied in his favor.—

RETRIBUTION.

Lady Beaumont now daily expected her brother, and was very anxious to hear from her son to whom she had written of Lord-

Summer's addressee to his cousin, the long expected letter at length arrived, and the following contents afforded many reflections to her ladyship and amiable niece.

Liste.

Dearest Madam,

" My long silence, I fear, must have given you some pain, but my time and attention have been so much engaged that neither Mr. Thompson nor myself have had a moment to spare these three weeks past; 'tis nearly that time since returning one evening from an assembly to our hotel, we found the house in some confusion occasioned by a gentleman who had arrived late in the evening in a carriage apparently much agitated, for ordering fresh horses, he only drank a glass of wine and walked about cursing the delay of the postillions at a violent rate; one of which at length made his appearance and lamented the impossibility of proceeding, for that no post horses could be had for that

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night,

night, and his own were completely knocked up. On this information he fell into a violent rage, and exerted himself with such horrid curses and abuse that he broke a blood vessel and fell speechless on the floor—a surgeon being sent for, he was put to bed and some time elapsed before he was restored to his senses, and every moment in danger of suffocation—however, before we returned he was better, but ordered to be kept extremely quiet. He was an Englishman, they said, but having no servant they were ignorant of his name, though he appeared like a man of quality. This was the account we heard and which occasioned many conjectures, I was uncharitable enough to think he was some person flown from justice, but Mr. Thompson, with his natural goodness of heart, judged it might be a father or a husband whose beloved object might be ill and require his presence to Brussels, where, we understood, he was going. However, in the morning common humanity induced us to enquire after him; we were informed, he had

had suffered a second effusion of blood, and was exceedingly low and almost exhausted—when the surgeon came we desired to see him, he said his patient was in great danger, and as nobody knew him or whether he had any effects with him, it was a very disagreeable piece of business to be concerned in. We've done away his *chief fear*, by assuring him we would satisfy him for his trouble, and requested he would do every thing he could to preserve him. For a day and another night we heard he lay pretty quiet, but the second day he appeared very restless, asked the doctor if he thought him in any danger, and on his reply that it was impossible to say with any certainty, as it must depend on the effusion of blood not returning, which, in his weak state would most certainly be dangerous—he sighed very heavily, repeated the word wretch two or three times, and at length cried out, to die thus unrevenged, cut off in a strange land, no friend, no countryman, yes, sir, said the doctor, interrupting him, there are two gentlemen, English-

men, now in the house—O, let me see them, cried he, let me not die among strangers! the surgeon came to us immediately, and we most readily returned with him to the sick man's room, I drew near the bed-side, and removing the curtain, "endeavor to compose yourself, sir, here are countrymen and friends who are ready to serve you."—he turned his head hastily round, and in spite of the deadly paleness of his looks and hollow eyes, discovered to me the features of Colonel, or rather Mr. Minors—Great God, cried he, Sir William Beaumont! this is retribution indeed! the agitation he was in brought on a vomiting of blood, which reduced him to a state of weakness, unable to speak articulately, but he moved his hand and said, go, go, two or three times—for my part I had been so much shocked and surprised at such an unexpected interview, that I had not uttered a single word from the time I discovered his face—Mr. Thompson, indeed, very humanely assisted him, and when he repeated the word go, I said, make yourself easy,

easy, sir, here are no enemies, your condition has disarmed resentment and excited pity, if I, or this gentleman, my friend, can be of any service freely command us, we will be ready to attend you any time—he looked most earnestly at me, attempted to speak, but his lips only moved; his situation so affected me, I hurried out of the room to give vent to my feelings, yet I was dying with curiosity to know all the particulars relative to him and the woman who left England with him; but he continued very ill the remainder of the day, Mr. Thompson looked in upon him at night, when he lay pretty quiet. The next day the doctor told me he thought it impossible he could recover, the loss of blood had so weakened him, and a slow fever was preying on his vital parts, that though he might exist a few days he despaired of his ever being restored to health.

In this way he continued several days; Mr. Thompson visited him daily but carefully

avoided mentioning my name, however, on the eighth day of his illness, growing visibly weaker, and having had a very bad night, he again asked the doctor's opinion of his case, and he candidly telling him he entertained but very slender hopes, when Mr. Thompson looked in upon him, after a little pause he asked for me, my friend told him I was in the house and ready to attend him if he was desirous of seeing me, he said I know not how to see him, but tell him that devil, that Signora is run away from me and carried off all my money, I was pursuing her when this cursed accident happened, so he is well revenged—then added, if I could live to see her punished I should die content, but here *she* triumphs in my spoils, and I perish in a foreign land without friends, or even money to pay for throwing me into the grave—do not indulge such unpleasant ideas, said Mr. Thompson, if any thing can add to your ease or peace here, no expence shall be spared, and if Heaven thinks fit to call you hence, depend on every decent attention being paid

paid to your memory—but, sir, said he, and started up in the bed, I will not die, who told that fellow I could not recover, I may live years yet, the blood vessel is healed, I am better, I will be better, tell the doctor so, I will pursue that devil throughout the world—then quite exhausted, he fell back and groaned most dismally; he lay for several hours quite spent, 'till towards night when he again asked for me, he rejoices, I suppose, at my situation, you are mistaken, said Mr. Thompson, Sir William is sincerely grieved for you, your situation has taken off the edge of resentment, and your own feelings must be a sufficient punishment—and who told you, sir, what my feelings were? said he, fiercely—do you mean to preach to me, I had enough of that in my younger days, my father was a good man, I have a mother and a sister too, I believe, but I have not heard of them these two years—then pausing a little, he said, bid Sir William come to me, I will see him; Mr. Thompson came to me and repeated the above, I fol-

lowed him much agitated, when I drew near the bed-side, he raised his head, and looking stedfastly at me, "what is become of Miss Rivers, said he, abruptly; a question so unexpected, shocked me greatly, and with some emotion, I replied, she is no more."—No more! he repeated, I saw her in my dreams, she is no more! well, she was a silly girl to die, and Mrs. Minors, is she dead too?—I hope not, she was well when I left England." "You hope! what you will marry her I suppose, but I have taken care of her fortune, and, sir, I wont die, I will have that cursed Signora first."—I saw his senses were not perfect, he began to ramble strangely in curses on her, did not appear to know me, in short the scene became so shocking I was obliged to quit the room.

Mr. Thompson remained, and assisted in administering every thing possible to relieve him, but in vain, his delerium continued all day and for the best part of the night, 'till nature being quite exhausted, he lay speechless

less for several hours and expired about nine in the morning without appearing sensible of his situation—poor unhappy man! his deplorable end had an effect on my spirits I could not shake off for many days—in presence of the woman who attended him, the surgeon and master of the hotel we examined his effects—he had about fifteen pounds of English value in his purse, a very fine brilliant on his finger, an elegant repeater, and a letter of credit on a banker at Bruffels for about fifty pounds, there were neither letters nor papers of any sort as a clue to his former residence, but we dispatched a letter to Paris with the hope of obtaining some information from the person who drew the letter of credit; mean time we sealed up his effects and Mr. Thompson, at my request, discharged every demand, and had the last duties performed.

About three days since, we received an answer from Paris, “that a gentleman came to him, and giving him a bank note for fifty pounds, which was backed by a person of

consequence in the city, and requested a letter of credit in exchange, which he gave him, but that he was entirely ignorant whether he had resided in Paris, or was just come to the city."—Thus are we totally in the dark as to his situation, effects, or what that abandoned woman robbed him of, or where she is gone—we may learn something of his mother and sister, perhaps, from Lord Stormer to whom I have written; and I must request the favor of you, my dear madam, to make this event known to Lord and Lady Summers, who will take such steps as they may judge proper—I waited 'till we heard from Paris, in hopes of giving them some information, and am sorry I can learn nothing satisfactory.

The death of this unhappy man, in whose vices I was but too deeply concerned, has furnished me with ample reflections, and added to another recent, and ever regretted event, has spoke more to my heart, and informed my understanding more than volumes
of

of precepts or advice could have done. I inclose the address of the bankers at Paris and Bruffels.

You inform me my lovely cousin receives the addresses of Lord Summers, it gives me some surprise, as from the disparity of years I should not have supposed he could have been selected as the object of her choice; but she is certainly the best judge, and my most ardent wishes are for her future happiness. We intend setting off for Bruffels in about a fortnight; I have every day fresh obligations to Mr. Thompson who is the most amiable man I ever met with, he joins me in best respects to all our friends, and I am, most truly, dear madam, your obliged and affectionate son,

WILLIAM BEAUMONT.

P. S. We have never seen nor heard of Mrs. Rivers since the night of our meeting, to my great joy.

Lady

Lady Beaumont was greatly shocked at reading this letter, the wretched end of Col. Minors, a sacrifice to his vices, without time for repentance, was an event his worst enemy must have deplored, and when she considered the degree of intimacy which had subsisted between him and Sir William, she shuddered at the recollection, and returned thanks to Heaven for his present situation and sense of his former ill-conduct. I am convinced, said she to Miss Maybank, that a home, or retired education is the most improper in the world for boys; I wished to keep my son in ignorance of vice, and to make amends for the retirement he lived in, I indulged his foibles, and would not suffer him to be too much confined to his studies. I erred in both, and the consequence was an instability of temper, violent passions, and being unacquainted with the world and its deceptions, he lay open to the arts of unprincipled people, and was plunged into vice almost before he knew the pursuits he was drawn into must inevitably end in ruin and disgrace.—He has
dearly

ERRORS OF EDUCATION.

dearly purchased that experience which, by a different mode of education he might have acquired, at least without such a material injury to his fortune.

The ladies then consulted how to break this affair of Mr. Minors's death to his lady, they concluded Lord Summers was the properest person, and accordingly a note was dispatched, desiring his lordship's company, a summons he instantly obeyed, being just on the wing to visit them. Lady Beaumont read the contents of her son's letter, and she found his lordship appeared more pleased that his niece had obtained her freedom by the unhappy man's death, than concerned for his untimely fate—he made but a short visit that he might return and write his mother what he called such desirable intelligence.

Miss Maybank felt a little disgusted at his insensibility, the death of a man under such shocking circumstances, she thought, must have

ERRORS OF EDUCATION.

have hurt any man of feeling or humanity —she had yet to learn, that the gratification of hatred or revenge renders a man callous to all tender feelings.

On the evening of this day Lord Maybank arrived, and although duty exacted Miss Maybank should receive him with affection and pleasure, yet she involuntarily trembled and shrunk back, she considered him as the arbiter of her fate, and that he came avowedly to deliver her into the power of Lord Summers—he embraced her with some appearance of affection, and after saluting his sister, well Louisa, said he, you have once more drawn me to this cursed town, which I always hated, and never thought to see again; you must make haste, I promise you, to give your hand to Lord Summers, for I wont stay above ten days at farthest. Ten days! repeated Miss Maybank, surely, sir, you cannot suppose I can marry Lord Summers in ten days—and why not, I pray you, said his lordship, things can be as well settled

settled in that time as in ten months, and I shall take care to hasten things I assure you.

Miss Maybank burst into tears—hey-day ! cried her father, what is this affectation for ? don't play off these airs upon me, you ought to rejoice such a man as Lord Summers will take you, if he knew the plagues attendant on marrying, he'd see you at the devil before he would trouble himself about you. Upon my word, brother, said Lady Beaumont, who had not yet spoke, you are too violent, you frighten my niece, and I think your determination in favor of Lord Summers, whom you have never yet seen, is rather too hasty—what, I suppose, said he, interrupting her, he is neither handsome nor a coxcomb, but I like him the better for it, though women are such fools to be charmed by appearances only, a good estate is the thing to make people happy ; and so Miss, I desire you will get ready in a week, and let's have no more airs. Miss Maybank dried up her tears and endeavoured to assume a serenity
contrary

contrary to her feelings, and Lady Beaumont, desirous to promote peace, changed the conversation to her son, and Lord Maybank being unacquainted with the loss of his fortune, applauded his resolution for going abroad to see the world. They retired very early, but poor Miss Maybank got no rest; a very short time now was allowed her to make up her mind and give her hand to Lord Summers, and she saw the union must take place—a few sighs escaped her, but she checked them and endeavoured to reconcile herself to an event she could not avoid. The next morning after breakfast Lord Maybank set off to visit Lord Summers who was at home and not a little rejoiced to see him—the subject next their heart was soon entered upon, and proposals equally agreeable; they drove to their solicitor, he received his orders and was requested to be expeditious. His lordship declined dining from his sister, but engaged Lord Summers for the evening. On his return to Stanhope-street he exclaimed to his daughter. “Upon my soul, Louisa, you

are

are a fortunate girl, why Lord Summers is very handsome in his person, does not look thirty, and is really elegant in his manners; such a *man* with such a *fortune*, why you will be the most enviable woman in town. I am far from desiring to be an object of envy, replied Louisa, and although I do not mean to detract from the merits of Lord Summers, yet it would give me no concern if he carried his worth and pretensions elsewhere, to one more impressed with his merits than I am. You are a very ungrateful girl, replied his lordship, in a raised voice, but like the rest of your sex romantic and vain—however, madam, you had best instruct yourself to think of Lord Summers as he deserves, for he shall be your husband I promise you. I do my lord justice, sir, I acknowledge he deserves a preference, and as I think it my duty to obey your commands, I hope and trust, Lord Summers will have no cause to complain of my behavior.” Very well, said Lord Maybank, see that you always preserve those sentiments. I am *sure she will*, exclaimed Lady Beaumont with earnestness, she

she will be an honor to her friends and an ornament to her sex. I hope she will justify *your* partiality, replied he abruptly. He then began to make some particular enquiries concerning his nephew, and although Lady Beaumont avoided as much as possible giving him any part of the disagreeable state of his affairs, he saw plainly by the embarrassment of her manner there was something left untold—aye, aye, says he, I see how 'tis, the fellow has been drawn into some scrape or other, your cursed sex are the ruin of handsome fellows like William, and the best thing he could do was to know more of the world, and then he'll not care sixpence for any of you. You, of all men, answered Lady Beaumont, with some asperity, have little cause to censure the women; Lady Maybank had virtues sufficient to reconcile a sensible man to the foibles of her sex, and command a favorable opinion of them. Yes, retorted Lord Maybank, she had some very troublesome virtues, with as many absurd notions as the rest of you. You are at least indebted

indebted to her, said her ladyship, for the excellent education of your daughter, which has planted in her heart that filial love and reverence that enables her to obey with cheerfulness, even arbitrary commands. Well, well, said he, I don't want to hear the praises of the dead, I shall be happy to have cause for being pleased with the behavior of the living; the sooner therefore Louisa gives her hand to Lord Summers the better, that I may return to Scotland.

Lady Beaumont disgusted with her brother, followed Miss Maybank to her dressing-room, she had quitted the room in tears on the first mention of her mother; she was sitting in the most pensive attitude and drying those tears which fell in abundance on her handkerchief. I am sorry to see you in this situation, my dear, said her ladyship, but if it arises from a disinclination to obey your father, or an aversion to Lord Summers, however unjustifiable the latter, without a predilection in favor of another is the cause, you had better

better be candid with your father and *acknowledge* your dislike than be miserable for life. Pardon, my dear aunt, replied Miss Maybank, those tears, which flow from a different cause; I have no aversion to Lord Summers, and I submit to those commands which I hope have my happiness in view, without any *great reluctance*, but when I think of that dear, revered woman, to whose parental goodness I owe every thing, when I recollect the small advantages she derived from obeying the commands of *her* father, and submitting with unexampled patience, nay even an appearance of satisfaction to treatment so unworthy of her merits: I tremble for my fate, for I am every way inferior to the angel whose virtues I wish to imitate, and whose precepts are engraven on my heart. Do not give way to those unpleasant Ideas, said her ladyship, your good principles will always ensure your happiness, and Lord Summers has the general character of a very amiable man, perfect felicity in this life, is not to be obtained, let us but preserve the consciousness of performing our duty in the
situation

situation we are placed in, and the world or its misfortunes, can never destroy our peace.

In the afternoon Lord Summers made his promised visit and was introduced by her father to Miss Maybank as the gentleman he had selected for her husband, and whose good opinion of her, deserved the most grateful return. Poor Louisa could not speak, she courtesied gracefully to his lordship and permitted him to lead her to her chair; and as he avoided any very particular address, more than to return Lord Maybank his thanks, and his earnest wishes to merit the blessing conferred on him; she became tolerably composed, and sustained her share in the general conversation with cheerfulness, to the great delight of Lady Beaumont.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVIII.

AN EVENT OF MUCH CONSEQUENCE.

MR. Thornhill, at the request of Lady Beaumont, had taken an elegant little house for her at Richmond, where it was designed they should retire to immediately, on Miss Maybank's marriage, for a month or two, previous to accompanying Lord Summers to his country seat; Lady Summers and Mrs. Minors were daily expected in town to be present at the ceremony which was to give them a relation so amiable. The two ladies were occupied in choosing clothes and other necessaries, Lord Summers had presented Miss Maybank with a profusion of
jewels

jewels, and her father resigned to her all which had been her mother's. Very large settlements were made and the day at length fixed to unite Lord Summers to the object of his wishes. But alas! how uncertain is human dependance on the attainment of felicity! two days previous to the intended happy one, Lord Maybank returned from having spent the evening with Lord Summers, and complained of a violent pain in his head, accompanied with shivering and sickness; Louisa extremely alarmed, prevailed on him, late as it was, to send for a physician, who quickly arrived, and after feeling his pulse, demanded, if he had ever had the small pox? neither his lordship or Lady Beaumont could satisfy him in that particular, the doctor observed the symptoms were very suspicious of that disorder, but in the morning he should be enabled to judge with more certainty; he ordered some medicines, and Miss Maybank determined to remain in his room to administer them herself; Lady Beaumont chose to sit up with her; in

a few hours after he was in bed, the fever grew very violent, and towards morning he was delirious. The ladies extremely terrified, sent again for the physician, and on his arrival he instantly declared the small pox was appearing, he requested the frightened Louisa to be composed, assured her at present there was no appearance of danger, and that when the pustules were thrown out, the fever and delirium would abate. The following day, however, the disorder put on a very bad appearance, the pock came out extremely thick and of the very worst kind, the doctor was alarmed and fearful of the consequence, yet endeavored to keep hope alive in the bosoms of the ladies. The fourth day his senses perfectly returned, but the physician saw his end was approaching, the quantity and quality of the disorder was such as overpowered his constitution and baffled all medical skill.

After considering his patient for some time, he made a sign to Lady Beaumont, and

and she followed him out—I tremble, said she, to ask your opinion, but do not, my good sir, deceive me. I will not, madam, replied he, neither, indeed, would it avail any thing, for I fear the event is very near to decide for me. Good God! cried she, he is then dying? not absolutely so madam, said he, but I do not think he will see to-morrow night. Shocked to death at this fatal intelligence, she entreated the physician to spare them as much of his time as possible, and to try every expedient, if possible to relieve him. The doctor promised to return in about two hours, but told her he believed no human assistance could be of service. Louisa, who had seen her aunt follow the physician, impatiently watched for her return, but when she saw her enter the room, her face pale, and her looks expressive of melancholy and trouble, she felt her spirits sink, and trembling with apprehension, she advanced to Lady Beaumont, and drawing her to the window, tell me, tell me, my dear madam, what the doctor's opinion is? the

event is in the hands of God, answered Lady Beaumont tenderly, and 'tis our duty to prepare ourselves to support his decrees with patience and resignation. Whilst there is life, we may be permitted to hope, added she, seeing poor Louisa turn pale as death, at the same time resigning our wishes to the Almighty will. She took Louisa by the hand and led her almost inanimate to the bed-side, the appearance of the disorder was changed, the pock fallen in and the swelling abated. He knew them both, and holding out his hand Louisa put it to her lips and burst into tears, for a moment he looked alternately at her and his sister, then trying to speak, I believe I am very ill, I think past recovery; if I die—he then paused, and seeing them both in tears, resumed with some emotion, Louisa, you are a good child, I hoped to have seen you settled, but you deserve to be left to your own choice; I release you from your promises in favor of Lord Summers; when I am gone choose for yourself and as your aunt advises, but remember you
are

are free. Then addressing Lady Beaumont, you, my dear sister, are Louisa's parent, I have not done my duty either as a husband or a father, I *feel* I have not, may Heaven pardon all my omissions! I have made no will, there is one circumstance hangs upon my mind—then resting a little, he resumed, Louisa, my love retire—she instantly obeyed, glad to relieve her distress by a copious shower of tears, she had been endeavoring to repress before her father—when she left the room, he said, I am ashamed to confess even to you, my sister, all my folly, I have seduced the daughter of my gardener, she presides at the castle, nay more, she is with child; I believe it mine; I promised, and I intended making a settlement on her and the infant if it saw the light; 'tis now I fear too late; if I die, tell my daughter 'tis my last request she will settle four hundred pounds a year on the poor girl for life if she behaves well, and place two thousand pounds in the funds to accumulate 'till the child is eighteen years of age—If the mother dies before that time, the annuity to be continued 'till that period for

the education of her child. Lady Beaumont, seeing he was very much exhausted, however shocked she felt at the intelligence he had communicated, she took some paper from her pocket book, and writing down the particulars of his request, she read it to him for his approbation; he signified his satisfaction, and then added, if Louisa can resolve to marry Lord Summers I think it would be what he may expect, but if she does not love him, or should have a preference for another, 'tis my express desire she may be free to act as she pleases. Lord Summers, who had felt the most poignant distress for this delay of his happiness, had been constant twice a day in his enquiries, though he had seldom seen Louisa.

Just as Lord Maybank had finished his last words, the nurse entered the room with the compliments of Lord Summers; his lordship paused a little, then said, if his lordship will not be too much shocked at an object so disagreeable as I appear, I could
wish

wish to see him—the nurse going out, soon returned introducing Lord Summers, who was very visibly frightened on beholding his intended father. Lord Maybank, whose strength began to fail him, faintly said, I return your lordship thanks for the honor you intended me, had I lived it would have been my pride to have called you son; but death, my lord, cancels all engagements, my daughter must be free; if she is sensible of your worth, I hope she will make you happy: if not I repeat, she is free, she has a right to choose for herself, and that right I confirm with my approbation. Whatever is *her* determination, my lord, I wish you happy. These last words were spoken with great difficulty, and Lord Summers oppressed with horror, surprise and grief, hastily quitted the room with a low bow, and unable to utter a word. Lady Beaumont having administered some drops, her brother revived a little, but was too weak to resume any discourse, the physician and Louisa entered together, he had been with her for some time and very hu-

manely had endeavored to reconcile her to support an event he knew was fast approaching; she tried to suppress her emotions, when she came to the bed, and had need of all her fortitude when she saw how exhausted and languid he lay; the physician would have persuaded both ladies to withdraw, but they strongly objected, he sat some time, and gave his patient some drops to compose him, he lay quiet, and at length fell into a doze; the doctor retired, being obliged to attend another person, and the ladies sat by the bed near two hours, at the expiration of which he awaked with a sigh and a heavy groan, they fetched some drops which was ordered to be given to him, and Miss Maybank lean'd forward to support his head; alas! that groan was his last,—she found all was over! surprise and sorrow deprived her of her senses, she dropped on the bed,—she was taken up and carried to another room whither Lady Beaumont accompanied her, having left her own woman to assist the nurse—poor Louisa soon recovered, and seeing Lady
Beaumont

Beaumont in tears, leaning over her, my dear, my only parent, said she, take care of yourself, comfort your Louisa, for, indeed, 'tis hard to bear, within one year deprived of both my parents, but thy will, O God, be done, I kiss the rod—a friendly burst of tears came to her relief, and they indulged together, that sorrow, which, from the death of so near a relation, must be felt by tender, sensible minds.

Mr. Thornhill, being always referred to on any extraordinary occurrence, by Lady Beaumont, was soon informed of this event, and hastened to assist her in the necessary orders; it was Miss Maybank's request her father should be carried down to Lochbar Castle and interred in the family vault, and she requested her aunt to write a letter to the young woman her father had mentioned, under cover to the Steward, acquainting her with his lordship's bequest in her favor, and his daughter's intention strictly to fulfil his wishes, and leaving her the option to con-

tinue at the castle 'till she came down, or to retire as was most to her own choice, "if she chose the latter, the Steward had orders to pay her two hundred pounds for her present support, and permit her to take with her every thing his lordship had presented her with." If, said Miss Maybank, I find her amiable and deserving, I shall not confine my father's bounty within the limits he mentioned; the child, if it lives, will be entitled to a better provision. Lord Summers sent daily his compliments, but did not presume to enter the house whilst the body lay there: Lady Summers and Mrs. Minors were arrived in town, and felt with him so great a disappointment, but assured him they would use all their influence and entreaties in his favor, and having no idea any other had ever addressed Miss Maybank, thought there was little reason to doubt she would fulfil the wishes of her father after things had been carried to such a length between Lord Summers and her—

FREEDOM REGAINED.

Until such time as Lady Beaumont received a letter from the Steward, signifying the funeral was over, the ladies kept themselves secluded from all company; when their doors were open to their friends, Lord and Lady Summers with Mrs. Minors appeared, the latter lady, by the extreme cheerfulness of her countenance, plainly evinced the weeds she wore were meerly for the sake of custom and appearance of decency; it was not, indeed, to be supposed she could feel much concern for a man who had deceived and abandoned her; her sensibility was no ways remarkable, and resentment had subdued the partiality she once entertained in favor of her late husband so effectually, that it is difficult to say whether her wedding garments, or weeds afforded her most satisfaction.

Miss Maybank received her guests with the utmost civility, but there was a chilling solemnity in her manner of address to Lord

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Summers,

Summers, which gave him infinite pain and mortification. Lady Beaumont mentioned to the ladies her intention of going to Richmond in a few days, and politely invited them to do her the favor of calling sometimes. Lord Summers, who remembered he was to have been of the party, and in possession of all his wishes there, could not suppress a sigh, which reached Louisa, and gave her very painful emotions. She exerted herself to address him two or three times with much complaisance, and as lovers are soon elated by any little mark of favor, his cheerfulness seemed to revive, and when they quitted Stanhope-street he accompanied his mother and niece in tolerable spirits. When they had left them, Louisa, after a few moments silence, said, my dear madam, how must I act towards Lord Summers? have the goodness to advise me. No, my dear, answered Lady Beaumont, your own heart must direct you; your father resigned to you the liberty of accepting or refusing, and I trust your good sense will direct you for best,

the best. I own to you I pity Lord Summers, so near being united to the object of his choice, to be thrown at such a distance and involved in a painful uncertainty by an event, which has not lessened his merits nor deprived him of any one claim by which he thought himself entitled to your hand, is a severe stroke, and I am sure your good nature must feel for his situation. I do, indeed, replied Miss Maybank, most painfully feel for him, and also for myself, for which ever way I determine I cannot avoid distressing a worthy heart. Yet let me own to you, madam, the present state of my mind; I esteem Lord Summers, and can respect him as a friend; whilst duty compelled me to consider him in a still nearer light, I endeavoured to teach my heart submission to those commands I held sacred; had I married Lord Summers, I know my own heart, it would have impelled me to study his happiness and find my own in his affection; but from the moment my father released me from the promise I had made in my Lord's favor, I felt my repug-

nance

nance to a union with him return with double force, and although I think in honor I am bound to Lord Summers, yet I think it my duty also to give him a true state of my present sentiments; if after that he persists in his claim, why—I must submit to my evil destiny and marry him. You mean then, said Lady Beaumont, to tell him your inclinations are not in his favor;—no, madam, answered Miss Maybank, I intend to write him, I cannot explain myself fully in his presence, neither do I think it just to trifle with worth like his, and keep him in suspense.

Lady Beaumont having determined to remain silent on a subject of such importance, having told her niece she was right to be candid and sincere, changed the discourse by observing how gay and lively Mrs. Minors looked; see, said she, how rapidly such violent affections change! how short a time has elapsed since she became a bride in opposition to her friends! and now behold her unmoved at the death of a husband once so dear to her; but, my dear aunt, replied Miss

Maybank, you cannot suppose she could grieve for the death of a husband who treated her so ill? That her affection for him might naturally subside I grant, but a woman who truly loves cannot so easily divest herself of tenderness, and when you consider the shocking circumstances of his death, cut off from full health, his sins all unatoned for, and deprived even of the power to repent of them: surely a woman of sensibility must deeply deplore such an event, even more, I think, than if he had been a more deserving character. I fear the natural levity of Mrs. Minors will return; whilst she smarted under a conviction of her own folly, deserted by her husband, and only a reproachful kind of pity from her friends, she was sedate and prudent; but now, once more free, young, handsome, and but too fond of admiration, I tremble for her future conduct: like poor William, she has no stability, and is open to the artifices of mankind. Surely, madam, said Louisa, Mrs. Minors has suffered sufficiently for her credulity, and must in future
prove

prove more cautious. I wish it may be so resumed her ladyship, but experience has taught me that a too great indulgence of juvenile follies, and idle habits, give that imbecility to the mind hardly ever to be overcome; and though people of weak judgement may have naturally good hearts, yet they have not firmness sufficient to persist in good resolutions, but are carried away with the stream and change their opinions as caprice or fashion shall lead the way. And now, my dear child, I have only thus much to say on the subject you requested my advice; take time for consideration, reflect seriously on your situation and then determine as conscience and honor shall direct, for not any consideration should induce you to marry a man for whom you feel no preference: I know the goodness of your heart must compassionate Lord Summers, and as he really appears a deserving man, if you cannot bring yourself to reward his affection, an ingenuous confession of your sentiments is what he has a right to expect; henceforth, I shall
be

be entirely silent on the subject, and indeed did not intend to say so much. Louisa thanked her aunt for her kindness, and sighing, said, she had a very difficult and disagreeable part to perform. Lord Summers, in the meantime, was inexpressibly uneasy, the death of Lord Maybank was a stroke he could ill support; naturally impetuous, the unexpected delay put to his marriage, gave him the most violent agitations; he had but too much reason to believe, obedience rather than inclination, engaged Miss Maybank to give him her hand, and now that she was at liberty to decide for herself, he trembled for the event, though determined to persevere in his pretensions and dispute her favor with any man who should address her. In these sentiments he continued 'till the day previous to their leaving town, when paying his usual daily visit, he was informed they intended going to Richmond the following morning: his lordship offered to be their escort, which was politely declined; he then said, he hoped to have permission to visit them. Lady Beaumont

mont answered, my doors will always be open to my friends, my lord, and you will ever be included in that number. He bowed in return to the compliment, but it was too general to give him much satisfaction.

When he had taken leave and returned home, he resolved, as decorum prevented his soliciting Miss Maybank on the subject of his passion, to seize the opportunity of their leaving town, and write to her the following day. On the other hand, Miss Maybank took advantage of the same circumstance, and the morning they left town, sent his lordship the following letter :

LORD SUMMERS.

My Lord,

'Tis with painful reluctance I feel myself compelled to address your lordship on a subject which gives me inexpressible uneasiness, and in so doing I must recal your
attention

attention to the time you first did me the honor to distinguish me from others of my sex a thousand times more worthy that preference. Your lordship must recollect, I then declared that although I countenanced no other gentleman's addresses, I yet did not feel that distinction in your favor which ought to take place previous to any lasting engagement: but you interested my father in your behalf, and I received his commands to give you my hand. It was my duty to obey; I could plead no prior attachment, I could make no objection to your merits; I therefore submitted, and endeavored to teach my heart to esteem you, as you deserved to be esteemed. But our inclinations, my lord, are not always under the dominion of reason, a cold approbation was all I ever felt, yet had the union taken place which was prevented by a late deplored event; my principles would have ensured the performance of my duty. My father, a few hours before his death, released me from my promise in your favor, and left me at liberty to dispose of

of my hand as my heart might dictate. But of this freedom I dare not avail myself; *you* are master of my destiny, honor assuredly compels me to fulfil my engagement if you insist on it, after this candid avowal of my sentiments. I will even ingenuously own that *I have*, that *I do* feel, a partiality in favor of another, though he is entirely ignorant of my predilection in his favor, yet if your lordship condescends to solicit my hand that preference will remain a secret to the end of my existence, nor ever militate against the duty I shall owe my husband—had I not the highest opinion of your lordship, did I not consider you as a superior character, I would not thus address you, and I trust you have too much liberality of sentiment to condemn me for an involuntary want of sensibility to those merits I can see and approve. But will Lord Summers content himself with cold approbation only? will *he* receive a hand without a heart, and neglect a thousand amiable women who would rejoice to be distinguished by him? if he will, if he
still

still perseveres in his passion for one who owns herself unworthy the honor of such a preference, I again repeat, *you* are master of my fate; that justice and honor require me to be your's if you desire it, and that I am bound, though you are free, and must determine *for* me.

I am,

With respect and esteem,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's obedient servant,

LOUISA MAYBANK.

'Tis impossible to describe the anguish of Lord Summers's mind on reading this letter, passion for a moment got the better of reason; ungrateful insolent girl he called her, yes, cried he, stamping, you *shall* be mine, your father had not the power to cancel an engagement where no cause existed against it. He read the letter a second time, he grew calmer, though more grieved, he admired

mired her sentiments, he did justice to her candour, and the more he considered her merits, the greater was his regret that he had not been so fortunate to touch her heart. But who is this happy man, that without knowing it, has obtained a blessing so invaluable? he recalled all their visitors to his remembrance, and could think of none to whom Miss Maybank had paid the least attention; Lord Delmot then occurred to his memory, surely, said he, that coxcomb cannot have gained the affection of a mind so delicate as her's, she rather appeared distressed at his intrusion, and spoke of him with contempt, yet there is no judging of women by their appearance or behavior, the sex are made up of art and hypocrisy; I swear, however, he shall not carry the prize from me—how unfortunate, that Maybank did not live another week! in this unhappy unsettled state of mind he continued all day without being composed sufficiently to frame an answer to a letter that caused him so much inquietude. At length, after many resolutions formed,
and

and as often abandoned, he resolved to go down to Richmond the next day, endeavor to obtain a private conference with Miss Maybank, and if he could not move her in his favor, to give her up, if Lord Delmot was not the favored object, but he swore never to resign his pretensions to him.

The following morning he set off, and soon arrived at the place he almost dreaded to enter; being announced and introduced to Lady Beaumont, he made no secret of his distress, he gave her Miss Maybank's letter to read, painted the warmth of his passion in the most forcible terms, mentioned Lord Maybank's death as an event which ought only to have *delayed* the completion of his wishes, and not have dissolved an engagement entered into with the entire approbation of the father, and concurrence of the daughter: in short, he exhausted all his eloquence and concluded with entreating Lady Beaumont's interest in his favor. Her ladyship heard him with much complaisance and
attention,

attention, and when he was silent, replied, I assure your lordship I am both perplexed and uneasy at the disappointment of your hopes, but I feel also, I have no right to interfere or deny my niece, that liberty her father's last words confirmed to her from the sweetness of her disposition, and the great esteem I know she entertains for your lordship, I am convinced it cost her some pains to write that letter, and nothing but the conviction of her own mind, that an union with you could not be productive of happiness to either, could have induced her to wish for its being given up. I think, madam, answered Lord Summers, rather haughtily, I think the young lady will scarcely receive a more eligible offer than mine, and I do not despair of making her happy if she consents to ratify her engagement—I will make large additions to the settlements already concluded, I will—— Stop my lord, said Lady Beaumont, interrupting him, do not lessen your own value, nor affront my niece by a proposal of that nature: your merits sufficiently plead for you, and

and Miss Maybank is above being influenced by interested motives, or dazzled with riches and magnificence: I have already said I cannot interfere, but I will desire her to come down, and leave you to plead your own cause, and if you can persuade my niece to your wishes, believe me I shall rejoice in your happiness. Lady Beaumont then withdrew, and soon afterwards Miss Maybank made her appearance, evidently confused and embarrassed. His lordship rose, and advancing to lead her to her chair, kissed her hand with much emotion, she trembled excessively, and for a moment they were silent; at length, Lord Summers summoned resolution, and addressing her with a tender air, pardon me, my dear Miss Maybank, for this intrusion, sorrow and despair has induced me to pay this visit, and from your lips to hear my doom pronounced; but e'er you decide, hear me I beseech you with attention, judge with that tenderness natural to you, and if I have the misfortune to be odious in your sight, and a rejected man, I must endeavor

to submit and bear your decree with fortitude. My lord, replied Miss Maybank, with a little more courage, you have a right to be heard, yet you can say nothing my heart and judgment has not already pleaded in your favor; I have already said, if you condescend to claim my hand without a heart to give, I must be yours. Honor and justice obliges me to accede to your wishes. But, pardon me, madam, you made no such intimation, when, at your father's request, you consented to make me happy. My lord, when first you did me the honor of your addresses I was sincere, I told you I esteemed you, I told you truth; more was not in my power: you engaged my father's interest, he was peremptory, and I thought it my duty to submit to his commands—the little partiality I entertained for another I tried to subdue, I did justice to your merit, and knowing there was no appeal from my father's decisions, I reasoned myself into an obedience to his will, from a firm persuasion I was capable of fulfilling my duty to the man I should marry. Why then, my adorable Miss Maybank,

bank, do you reject me now? what are my faults, how have I incurred your hatred and displeasure? you are above being influenced by the addition of your fortune, mine is not contemptible, and where will you find a heart more devoted to you than mine? ought not a promise once given, so nearly completed, ought it not to be held sacred, no cause arising on my side to deserve the forfeiture! what must the world think of you, and of me? the world, my lord, replied Louisa, is but a secondary consideration with me, I wish to stand justified to my own heart, and therefore explained my sentiments with sincerity and candour to you: and I will frankly own, that, until my father's death, I had not permitted myself to draw the line between esteem and affection; I was commanded to love you, I endeavoured to obey, but the moment I was my own mistress, and free-will was restored to me, I was sensible of the difference, I felt rejoiced our union had not been completed, and desirous of regaining my liberty: under this conviction

I thought it became my character to make you acquainted with the state of my heart; and having said thus much, I again repeat I hold myself bound, and if, as is but too natural, you prefer your own happiness to mine, and can accept my hand, under an idea that it is necessary to your happiness, I have no more to say, I *must* be yours, only do me this justice, that I have not deceived you, nor ever promised you a heart out of my power to bestow, though I can safely promise my conduct shall deserve your esteem.

Lord Summers had heard Miss Maybank with the utmost impatience, when she concluded he arose, bit his lips, traversed the room in the utmost anguish of mind; the violence of his temper was on the point of breaking out two or three times, and for a few moments he dared not trust himself to speak; Louisa sat trembling in fearful expectation of the event: at length turning to her rather abruptly, tell me, madam, I beseech you, what is the name of the happy

man who has made me miserable; is it Lord Delmot? you pay yourself a very ill compliment, my lord, replied Louisa, to suppose it, I at least do *you* more justice, and feel mortified you think so meanly of my discernment; the name you require I must be excused from mentioning, for surely there would be a great degree of indelicacy in declaring a partiality for one whose addresses I never received, and probably never may. Cursed fate! cried Lord Summers, stamping, I can neither blame nor commend; you have destroyed my peace, madam, you have wrung my heart, I am unable at present to determine what I ought to do: I will leave you, cruel Miss Maybank, and reflect on all you have said, do you also reflect, and remember my happiness is dependent on you, if I can recal it from your hands, if I can submit to your wishes you shall see me no more; but depend on nothing, for I cannot answer for myself. At the conclusion of these words he caught up his hat, and bowing low, left the room, in an agitation not to be de-

scribed, he threw himself into his carriage and drove to town.

Miss Maybank was little less affected than himself, sometimes she wished she had acquiesced in her situation with Lord Summers, and consented, at a proper time, to become his wife: then again, when she reflected that her father had restored her to the freedom of her own choice, and that engagements, not voluntarily entered into on her part, were canceled by death and the last words of Lord Maybank, when she reflected that Sir Charles Frankly had been an equal sufferer with Lord Summers, she thought she did but justice to herself and both gentlemen, in leaving the option to Lord Summers after declaring her sentiments, and therefore must endeavor to reconcile herself to await his determinations, and as he should lead, be contented to follow.

Lady Beaumont, to whom she related what had passed between Lord Summers and herself,

herself, approved the candour of her declarations, but purposely avoided giving any opinion which might be supposed to influence her, either for or against his lordship. In the afternoon Miss Maybank received a letter from her Steward, wherein he informed her, "that upon investigating the affairs, he found things in such confusion, and so very much deranged, that he most earnestly entreated she would come to Scotland, and, by her presence, assist in settling those difficulties which he found beyond his skill to manage alone. He told her Mrs. Nelson, the gardener's daughter, behaved with great insolence, that she pretended to have a settlement of eight hundred pounds a year, which she claimed and would produce proofs of in proper time; likewise, that she kept possession of the castle, and said, *that*, and the furniture was made over to her in trust for her child, if it came alive into the world."

The contents of this letter gave Miss Maybank a good deal of vexation, she was not

yet of age, there was no will, nor any guardians appointed for her. Her aunt, as being her nearest relation, was the only person to act for her, but she was uninformed in the business of law—after some deliberation it was decided, that, she should chuse Lady Beaumont and Mr. Thornhill her trustees, and their solicitor was desired to enter into the business and put things in a more proper course. This gentleman being consulted, advised Louisa, by all means, to go down and take possession of the castle, and dismiss Mrs. Nelson without further notice until she produced those proofs she pretended to have. However disagreeable it was for the ladies to think of leaving the house they had so recently taken possession of, they were convinced of the necessity of following this advice, as the claim this woman made, was nearly a moiety of the estate; Lord Maybank's fortune never having been very large at first, and by improper management was now considerably reduced. The following week was fixed upon for their journey, and

Miss

Miss Maybank wrote Lady Godfrey and Mrs. Hargrave, who had both sent her letters of condolence on the death of her father, of her intention to quit England for a time, and solicited their correspondence. The third day after Lord Summers's visit Louisa received the following letter from him:

TO MISS MAYBANK.

Madam,

After three tedious days, and as many sleepless nights, I have brought myself to prefer your happiness to my own: mortifying reflection, that you cannot find it with me! yes, dear, cruel Miss Maybank, I renounce all claim to your hand; to force you to be mine would no doubt forfeit even that cold esteem you profess for me, and never satisfy that ardent love which I still entertain for you. Judge of the sacrifice I make when I solemnly declare to part with life would cost me much less regret, than to

quit all hopes of you *for ever*. And can you, you whose sweetness of temper, whose goodness of heart is legible in your countenance, can you condemn that man to despair and misery, you once endeavored to think of with a preferable esteem? ah! Miss Maybank, can you reconcile this to your feelings? but, I have done, I restore to you that liberty, that happiness you have deprived me of; I will take from your sight an unhappy, though unoffending man, and endeavor, by absence and reflection, to recover that tranquillity your cruelty has robbed me of. Yet let me do justice to your candour and noble sentiments, which has increased my regret, and added to my esteem for your character. Adieu, then, lovely and beloved Miss Maybank, may the happy man of your choice love you as fervently as the one you have rejected; and if ever I am enabled to overcome that passion which now makes me wretched, I will rejoice in your happiness, and boldly claim that esteem you cannot with justice refuse to the unhappy

SUMMERS.

This

This letter gave rise to a variety of emotions in the breast of Miss Maybank, mingled pleasure and regret occasioned a flood of tears : what a worthy man is Lord Summers, cried she ; how unfortunate, perhaps for both, that Sir Charles Frankly ever beheld me with partiality, and insensibly won my affections. There are a few traits in the character of Lord Summers I did not approve, a haughtiness and impetuosity of temper ; but how do I know how many faults may counter-balance those sentiments of generosity and humanity ; those acts of benevolence which Lady Godfrey related of Sir Charles Frankly, and which gave me such strong impressions in his favor ? the human heart is deceitful, 'tis possible to have many virtues, and yet one predominant vice, which, being for a time concealed, or not meeting temptation to call it into action, may, at some future period, overthrow all those hopes founded on apparent merit ! perhaps, added she, I may have thrown happiness from me, and depend on uncertain prospects of felicity : but I cannot repent, for I feel I

could not have done justice to the merits of Lord Summers, and I earnestly hope he will meet with an amiable woman who may be more sensible of his worth. In a state of mind, not perfectly satisfied with itself, she communicated this letter to Lady Beaumont, who returned it without a single comment, only observing she hoped her niece was now happy, but which indeed was very far from being the case. The following day Lady Beaumont received a letter from her son, replete with much information, these were the contents :

Brussels, June 17.

Dearest madam,

Mr. Thompson and myself have been about ten days arrived here, and we had the pleasure of meeting Lord Stormer, to whose kindness and attention we are indebted for many conveniencies and civilities. He was extremely shocked at the fate of the wretched Minors, and with an emotion of grief and shame,

shame, candidly confessed he bore no inconsiderable share in the deceptions practised on me at the gaming table, though the schemes were all planed by Minors. The very great lengths they at last proceeded to, with some other causes for reflection, awakened him, he said, to a sense of the base unworthy plans contrived for *my* ruin, and which had formerly been carried on successfully against himself. Struck with shame and remorse, he resolved to give up the little fortune he had left to pay his creditors, and having expostulated with the Colonel, he intended advising me to decline the company I associated with, but by the artful management of Minors, who prejudiced me against his lordship, I received his advice, and overtures with such coldness as prevented our coming to a proper explanation, and I remained the tool of duplicity and wickedness, from which nothing but ruin and unmasked villainy could have rescued me from being in time, perhaps, as despicable as the wretches who betrayed me.—Lord Stormer said, that the
Signora's

Signora's success with me and Minors he was not surprised at, as she was the most artful of women, but where, or with whom she could have fled so as not to be traced was very extraordinary.

A day or two after my arrival, I was introduced by his lordship to a Mr. Worthy, a gentleman born in England, but a relation of the family who resided at Brussels dying when Mr. Worthy was very young, left a considerable fortune to the family, on condition they fixed their residence in this city, which condition they complied with, and have lived here many years equally respected and esteemed; they pay particular attention to Englishmen of character, and by their generosity often relieve the pecuniary distresses of their countrymen. To this respectable family I was introduced, which consists of Mr. Worthy, his lady and two daughters, they have one son who is in the service of the emperor. I never saw two more charming young women than those daughters, even
my

my lovely cousin scarcely excels them in person or accomplishments: I quickly observed my good friend was attached to the eldest, and I honestly confess I was equally charmed with the captivating graces of the youngest. Since that day I have been a constant visitor and even Mr. Thompson allows they are the most amiable family he ever met with. The day before yesterday we were invited to dine there with a large party; soon after dinner Mr. Worthy was informed, a person wished to speak with him who had a letter he must deliver to himself, he was absent near two hours, the ladies were uneasy, they found, on enquiry, he had accompanied the person who brought the letter. At length, to our great satisfaction, he returned; he made an apology for his absence, said, he had been sent for to a country-woman of ours who was in the utmost distress, extremely ill, in a strange place and had been robbed of all her property by her servant, that she had quite the appearance of a gentlewoman, and he had promised Mrs. Worthy should wait on her next day,

day, and if she could be removed to their house, might be accommodated 'till she could send to her friends in England. This was Mr. Worthy's account, and we all joined in commiserating the unhappy lady, and applauded his humanity. The following day we waited on the ladies in the evening, and heard their guest was arrived, my favorite Marianne, with tears of gentle compassion shining in her eyes, said, O, Sir William, you cannot think what a charming woman she is, such elegance in her manners, so sensible of the little services we do for her! I hope she will soon recover by our attention: poor lady! to be so cruelly treated and left among strangers; how fortunate the good landlord mentioned my father to her. Whilst I was listening to these effusions of humanity, Lord Stormer asked Miss Worthy if she knew the lady's name? it is Rivers, answered she; Rivers! we both repeated in the same instant—yes, replied she, with astonishment in her countenance, yes, she told my mother her name was Rivers, and that she is related

to

to some of the first families in England; but from your visible surprise, gentlemen, I should suppose the name is not unknown to you? Lord Stormer, who had recovered himself sooner than I could, replied, 'tis true, madam, both Sir William and myself knew a lady of that name in England, and 'tis possible your guest may be the same, but not knowing that lady was in Brussels occasioned our exclamation. Doubtless, said Miss Worthy, if you know her, she will be rejoiced to hear of your being here, and by mentioning your names we shall guess whether she is the lady you apprehend—quite off my guard, I hastily replied, I beg, madam, you will not name us to her, it will afford her no pleasure, I am sure. I had no sooner said this then I was vexed with myself, for Miss Worthy, with a look of surprise and curiosity, replied, this is rather extraordinary, I should suppose it would gratify both parties to meet an old acquaintance abroad. True, madam, answered Lord Stormer, evidently confused, but we have particular reasons

reasons to wish our names may not be mentioned at present, at least 'till the lady is better, for, after all, 'tis possible she may be unknown to us. The ladies said no more, but I observed there was a reserve in their manner for the remainder of the time we stayed, which was very unpleasant. When we quitted the house Lord Stormer said, what a strange concurrence of events, that Minors should be thrown in your way to die before you, and now Mrs. Rivers sick and distressed, is obliged to implore shelter, from the very family you are most intimate with: but pray, how are we to act, for I see the ladies suspicions are excited, though ignorant of the cause which gives rise to them? I replied to his lordship, I was entirely at a loss how to act; her insolence, when I met her at an assembly at Lisle, had disconcerted me, and the story she gave out, of being stripped by her servant, very ill accorded with the account I received there of her connection or marriage with a Monsieur de Renier. I know not what to think, answered Lord Stormer,

to

to deprive her of the protection of this family, if she is in want, would be cruelty, and if she should get better and appear down stairs, her surprise and confusion at seeing *us* would explain things, perhaps, to the disadvantage of us all. After various consultations it was at last determined that Lord Stormer, who knew the apothecary that attended her, should prevail on him to deliver a note to her as if left at her former lodging; when she was alone—in this note Lord Stormer informed her Sir William Beaumont and himself were constantly at Mr. Worthy's, that they wished to guard her against any surprise, and if she had been really ill-treated would be glad to render her any service, but that if she chose to avoid appearing to have any former knowledge of them, she had only to reply to the apothecary that the note was of no consequence, and they should be guided by her wishes, and treat her as a stranger during her residence at Mr. Worthy's—this note was delivered last night, and this morning the gentleman called on Lord Stormer

Stormer and told him "the lady was obliged to him for taking the trouble to send her the letter from the inn, that it was of no consequence, nor required any answer."—Thus 'tis plain she does not wish to be recognised, and I confess I feel very much pleased at her resolution, though if we *do* meet I think we shall appear awkward, and I shall dread the penetrating eyes of Miss Worthy. 'Tis certainly a wonderful combination of events which has thrown those people, one after the other in my way thus, and I feel a heaviness on my spirits when I think on Mrs. Rivers that I hope does not presage ill to me. Adieu my dearest mother, present my affectionate respects to my lovely cousin, who is, perhaps e'er now, Lady Summers, and compliments to all friends; I shall write again very soon, as I doubt not but you will be impatient for further intelligence.

I am ever

Your affectionate and dutiful

WILLIAM BEAUMONT.

P. S. The doctor said, Mrs. Rivers was in no danger, and already much better.

Lady Beaumont found sufficient cause for reflection in this letter; it was plain her son had not received the one she wrote him on the death of his uncle, and she supposed it must lie at Lisle; but she felt more concern from observing, by the tenor of his letter, he had already formed another attachment, which, though the object of it might be truly deserving, she feared, from the instability of his disposition, might be productive of more trouble to herself and him; it must require time, she thought, to bring him in the habits of consulting his judgment before he determined, and although he had been severely punished for his hasty formed schemes and perseverance in them, contrary to the advice of his real friends, she could not promise herself, experience had yet worked a reformation in his temper, and taught him to judge with accuracy and propriety—her sole dependence was on Mr. Thompson, and on his integrity she was persuaded she might securely rely. The extraordinary circumstance of Mrs. Rivers being in Brussels, and

so

so greatly distressed for pecuniary matters, was a great surprise to her: Lady Beaumont had caused to be remitted to her four hundred pounds to pay her debts, and she had been informed Mrs. Rivers had called in the two thousand pounds appropriated for the use of her daughter: how then was it possible she could be without money? for as to the story of being robbed by her servant, she gave no credit to it; indeed she had so ill an opinion of Mrs. Rivers she thought her capable of any manœuvres to serve a present purpose. Having read this letter to Miss Maybank, both ladies were very desirous of receiving another letter before they left England, which, however, they were disappointed in.

The morning before their departure, Lady Summers and Mrs. Minors paid them a visit, it was a formal one; there was a visible reserve on both sides, though Miss Maybank strove to pay very particular attention to the ladies, but in lady Summers there appeared a repulsive coldness, and in Mrs. Minors a fastidious

fastidious air, ill concealed under an appearance of carelessness. The ladies mentioned their intention of going to Bath with Lord Summers; and Miss Maybank, with great sincerity, wished them much pleasure in their excursion—the visit was short and ceremonious on both sides. When they had quitted the house, Miss Maybank said, she felt herself much hurt by the formality of Lady Summers, if she is offended with me, why come at all, or if she did condescend to come, she might at least have assumed a more cheerful countenance. I cannot blame her, answered Lady Beaumont, and her appearance of displeasure is, in fact, the greatest compliment she could pay you, my love, for, had she not thought you worthy and felt herself disappointed in the favorite wish of her heart, her son's happiness, which she thought dependent on you, there would have been no cause for the behavior you complain of; but self, my dear, will prevail, and we cannot easily be reconciled to those who blast our favorite schemes. I acknowledge the
justice

justice of what you say, madam, replied Louisa, and can only sincerely lament, any cause should deprive me of the esteem of so valuable a woman: as to Mrs. Minors, I own I feel no concern at *her* treatment of me, for she is not one who improves on acquaintance, and I like her less every time I see her—she is, indeed, said Lady Beaumont, a volatile uninformed woman, vain of her person, possessed of a few superficial accomplishments, and imagines herself entitled to general admiration; but she is to be pitied, rather than censured, if she does not run into very great errors; she had not, like you, my dear, the advantage of a mother's tender care to direct her youth, or mature her judgment, and but very few of those intrusted with the education of females, are qualified for the task; consequently her first deviation was a more venial transgression against decorum and delicacy, than it would have been in many others; but she has experienced the ill consequences of her rashness, and, therefore, a very different mode

mode of behavior might be expected from her now, and I wish Lady Summers may have influence enough over her to produce a more respectable conduct. The evening of this day they were busily employed in packing, and the next morning set off on their journey to Scotland.

THE EVIL CONSEQUENCES OF UNEXPECTED
DISAPPOINTMENT.

Sir William Beaumont having sent off the letter to his mother which has been already mentioned, prepared the next morning to accompany Lord Stormer in a visit to Mr. Worthy and his family. They observed a general air of distant politeness, such as they had not been accustomed to meet with, and which greatly disconcerted them. After some general chat, Lord Stormer enquired after the sick lady, she is much better, answered Mrs. Worthy, and I hope will be down stairs in another day. No more was said, and the gentlemen suffered to depart without

an invitation to dinner, which had never happened before. Can you guess, said Lord Stormer, what cause of offence we have given our good friends, that they treated us so coldly this morning? I am entirely at a loss, replied Sir William, to divine the meaning of it, there appeared an air of grief and resentment in the eyes of Miss Worthy, and a repulsive coldness in her manner quite unusual. Had not Mrs. Rivers, by her reply to my note, said Lord Stormer had evidently shewn a desire not to be known, I should suspect she had prejudiced the family against us, but I don't see in what manner she could pretend to know any thing of either to them, and avoid noticing us if we happen to meet. I cannot account for the alteration, answered Sir William, but I know it has given me a great deal of pain, for I feel much attached to the lovely Marianne, and if I am not mistaken, Miss Worthy has long since made a conquest of your lordship. I own it, replied his lordship, and nothing has prevented a declaration of my admiration
but

but the slender income I possess: to marry a woman without a fortune, under my circumstances would be madness, and I cannot pretend to a lady ⁺of fortune, ⁺like Miss Worthy, without a discovery of *my loss of fortune*, and consequently of all my errors. I have, therefore, hitherto been silent, though I had not resolution enough to deny myself the pleasure of visiting there; but the reserve in their behavior to day has given me so much pain, that if, on our visit tomorrow, the same is repeated, I shall certainly demand an explanation, for I cannot bear the idea of being thought meanly of, or deserving the coldness of those I esteem.

The gentlemen, to divert their chagrin, went in the evening to an assembly, held at the house of one of the principal gentlemen in the city. There was a great deal of company, and amongst others, two Italian noblemen, one, the Marquis Menscotti; the other the Count Bonaventti. These gentlemen were extremely elegant in their appear-

ance, and polite in their manners; they spoke English exceeding well, and soon were particularly distinguished by Lord Stormer and Sir William Beaumont. The easy freedom which all foreigners observe in company, very soon conciliated the esteem they appeared desirous of obtaining, and before they separated, mutual invitations took place between them and Sir William Beaumont. Lord Stormer, although he paid every civility politeness demanded, yet having been long abroad, was too much accustomed to the insinuating manners of the Italians to be so very warm in his attachment as Sir William; and when the assembly broke up, and they returned home, his lordship cautioned Sir William against being too much prepossessed in favor of those noblemen, adding, they are certainly very pleasing in appearance, and one cannot help being captivated with their politeness, but though they may possibly possess every virtue they assume, yet 'tis essentially necessary to be well acquainted with their characters before you enter
into

into an intimacy with them. Mr. Thompson, who had declined accompanying them to the assembly, warmly applauded the caution of Lord Stormer, and entreated Sir William to extend the connection no further than politeness required. He thanked his friends coolly for their advice, and changing the subject to indifferent matters, they soon separated to their respective apartments for the night.

Neither Lord Stormer nor Sir William had much rest; their minds had been deeply wounded by their cool reception at Mr. Worthy's, and unconscious of any cause which had given occasion for it, they were lost in conjectures to account for treatment so unlike to their former behavior. The next day, as soon as custom permitted, both gentlemen renewed their visits, and when introduced, found Mrs. Rivers seated with the family, she looked pale and weak, and no other attentions passed on their entrance than was usual between strangers introduced

to each other. Sir William, however, was evidently discomposed, and the more so, as he observed the family scrutinised his looks very narrowly. The same reserve prevailed as on their former visit, Lord Stormer felt much inclined to demand an explanation, and was hesitating how to preface his discourse, when Mr. Worthy addressing him; does your lordship design to visit Italy this summer? said he, I think you talked of doing so sometime ago. I really am not determined, sir, replied his lordship, it depends on circumstances. The arrival of your *respectable* friend, I suppose, has rendered your intention doubtful, resumed Mr. Worthy, with a sneer and an emphasis on the word *respectable*, I am at a loss to understand the meaning implied by your words, sir, answered Lord Stormer with some spirit, but it appears to me as if I had unhappily, and I am sure, unintentionally, given some cause of displeasure, or Mr. Worthy would never treat a gentleman so coldly, who was flattered some time ago with possessing of his
esteem;

esteem; I must, therefore, entreat to be made acquainted with my fault, that I may hasten to repair it. “I, sir, answered Mr. Worthy, have no right to accuse you; as a stranger and a gentleman, you were entitled to every civility in my power to shew you; but as a father I must be excused receiving visits which can reflect no honor on my family, but which, on the contrary, may irreparably injure them: excuse me, therefore, gentlemen, if I beg leave to decline the honor of your visits.” “From whence your prejudices against us have taken rise, said Sir William, it must be our business to find out, and ’till then we shall not intrude on your hospitality, however difficult to forbear our visits to a family we so much respect and esteem.” The two gentlemen taking up their hats, made a low bow to the ladies and withdrew, not without throwing a look of indignation at Mrs. Rivers, to whose arts they both instantly conceived they owed this affront. On leaving the house they went in search of Mr. Thompson, and related the

insult they had received, which very greatly discomposed them. "I have not the smallest doubt, said Mr. Thompson, but it originates from Mrs. Rivers, but I will instantly make Mr. Worthy a visit, and demand an explanation of such extraordinary treatment."

He was as good as his word, and on his arrival at that gentleman's house, desired to speak with him on particular business; he was conducted into the library, and Mr. Worthy immediately entered. You will pardon this liberty, sir, said Mr. Thompson, but two of my particular friends have received such unprecedented treatment from you this morning as requires some investigation.

"Are you, then, deputed the champion of Lord Stormer and Sir William Beaumont?" asked Mr. Worthy, in an ironical tone, no, sir, I came here unsolicited, from motives of friendship, and I flatter myself, the liberal mind of Mr. Worthy will not conceive prejudices, and refuse an opportunity of having them explained away." "I would scorn, sir, to injure any man by unjust suspicions, and,

and, therefore, to cut the matter short, have only a few questions to ask, which I have no doubt Mr. Thompson will answer with truth and candour. Did not Sir William Beaumont, continued Mr. Worthy, seduce and ruin a young lady of family? did he not basely desert her? and is not the unhappy, ill-treated young woman *dead*, in consequence of his villainous treatment? was not both him and Lord Stormer linked with a set of gamblers? a disgrace to any nation; are they not bankrupts, both in honor and fortune? and have they not introduced themselves into my family with a mean and base design on my girls, whose ample fortunes they conceived might retrieve their own? my youngest daughter, indeed, was beyond the power of their seductive arts, she is engaged to an officer, a man of family and fortune, now in the emperor's service; but my eldest daughter had begun to entertain a prejudice in favor of Lord Stormer, which rendered this discovery of their profligacy very necessary to preserve her peace. Now, sir, on

the honor of a gentleman I require an answer to those questions."

Mr. Thompson was entirely disconcerted, the truth of these accusations he could not deny, though the conclusions were too severe. "I see, sir, said Mr. Worthy, observing his perplexity, you have too much candour to deny the charges against your friends, and I stand justified for a conduct I found it very difficult to assume towards any gentlemen. That there are some grounds, sir, for your accusation, answered Mr. Thompson, I will not deny, but the representation has been greatly overcharged, and although the detail must be rather prolix, yet justice requires you should hear the story from an unprejudiced mind, which is really my case, and represented to me by a man of probity and strict honor, who was, in some measure, a witness to and concerned in remedying the evils you have mentioned." "Doubtless, sir, said Mr. Worthy, coldly, I am ready to hear whatever you are pleased

to

to say, if any thing can be said to excuse such enormities." They then seated themselves, and Mr. Thompson related, in as brief a manner as possible, the whole history of Sir William Beaumont, the seductive arts of Col. Minors, and the mean artful designs of Mrs. Rivers; with the behavior of Lady Beaumont: Miss Rivers's illness, Sir William's desire of marrying her, her refusal and death, with the grief of the Baronet and his motives for coming abroad, and in short, every particular which had been related to him by Mr. Thornhill and Sir William himself. He then spoke very advantageously of Lord Stormer, as having seen his errors before any disgrace sullied his character, of his resigning his fortune for the payment of his debts, and his prudent resolution of living within the limits of his present small establishment. "And now, sir, said Mr. Thompson, on concluding his narrative, I am at no loss to guess your informant to be Mrs. Rivers, in revenge for the loss of an annuity she was mean enough to receive

from Lady Beaumont, whilst her unfortunate daughter lived, a daughter whom she abandoned to grief and remorse, and left her to die amongst strangers, whilst she, regardless of maternal affection, or even of reputation, gave herself up to every levity and folly her income could furnish. How she came here sick and distressed I know not, but I verily believe, could the truth be known, she owes her situation to her own errors, if not vices, and is very unworthy the protection you have so humanely afforded her."

When Mr. Thompson had finished his long detail of facts, Mr. Worthy sat for some time silent, and apparently deep in thought, at last, as if a sudden recollection had struck him, "and will you, sir, said he, justify what you have told me to Mrs. Rivers's face?" "yes, replied Mr. Thompson, I will with you would conduct me to her." "Dine with us, then, returned Mr. Worthy, and after dinner, manage as you please." "With all my heart, replied Mr. Thompson, but I must

must send word, or my two friends will be extremely uneasy." A servant was accordingly dispatched to acquaint Sir William Mr. Thompson dined at Mr. Worthy's, which intelligence gave him much pleasure, and inspired hopes that matters were in a train of accommodation.

When the dinner was on table, Mr. Worthy introduced Mr. Thompson to the surprise of the ladies; Mrs. Rivers, to whom he was a stranger, and who had not heard his name mentioned as a companion to Sir William, had a confused idea of having seen him some where, which was at Lisle, but could not recollect where, she therefore treated him with politeness, and being tolerably recovered, exerted her spirits to entertain her hosts, being greatly elated with her successful manœuvres against the man she hated. As to Lord Stormer, he was indifferent to her, but she found it necessary to get both excluded to prevent detection. After the dinner was over and the servants withdrawn,

withdrawn, Mr. Thompson abruptly turning to her, "I congratulate you, madam, on your success." What success, sir, said she, starting and much discomposed. "On the success of the tales you have fabricated against Sir William Beaumont, replied he, but do not exult too much at your victory, for know, madam, I am perfectly master of every transaction which has passed between you and the Beaumont family, and have related the whole to this gentleman without palliation or disguise. If you have said truth, returned she, you must have said, Sir William Beaumont was a villain." She trembled with confusion and passion. "Compose yourself, Mrs. Rivers, and don't force me to utter disgraceful truths of your conduct: I do not justify Sir William, he acted very wrong, and has been severely punished for his credulity and submitting to be the tool of an artful man who has *now* attoned for all his errors; but, madam, and he spoke sternly, the evils of which *you* complain, originated from *yourself*, and to deal plainly,

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the death of your much injured daughter is more to be attributed to your base duplicity, than to Sir William Beaumont."—"How dare you, sir, insult me with this language, and who are you that presumes to treat me thus?" she was in a most violent agitation, "I am, madam, resumed he, a friend to truth, and to Sir William Beaumont, I defend not his errors, but they proceeded from the violence of youth, and though not to be defended, at least from the several circumstances attending them, may lay claim to some excuse." "Sir, said Mrs. Rivers, turning indignantly to Mr. Worthy, I hoped, in your house, to be exempted from insult, this insolent man who presumes, though a stranger, to affront me by base suggestions, is beneath my notice, and to you I appeal for protection."—"And whilst you are in this house, madam, replied Mr. Worthy, you shall obtain it, but permit me to observe, you are an entire stranger, and, therefore, can scarcely expect an implicit confidence in relations, so respectably contradicted as by this gentleman." "I see, said she, with great haughtiness,

haughtiness, how willing you are to be deceived, and therefore I despise his artifices too much to justify myself where there is an evident partiality." So saying, she took hold of the arm of the youngest Miss Worthy, and walked out of the room in a very stately manner. "Pray, exclaimed Mrs. Worthy, let me have an explanation of this scene, is it possible that woman has deceived us?" Mr. Worthy then related as concisely as possible some of the particulars he had heard from Mr. Thompson, which gentleman could not help remarking how the features of the elder young lady brightened, and how much she was gratified in hearing Lord Stormer exonerated from the charges against him. "Bless me, cried Mrs. Worthy, what a worthless woman this Mrs. Rivers is, we must endeavor to get rid of her." "Doubtless we must, replied Mr. Worthy, but if she is distressed we must not totally desert her, common humanity forbids that." Then having commissioned Mr. Thompson to make his excuses to the two gentlemen, he promised to wait on them the next day, and make his apologies in person,

Mr. Thompson returned highly elated with his triumph over Mrs. Rivers; his friends were expecting him with great impatience, but when he had related the several particulars, he observed an uncommon sadness pervade the countenance of Sir William; I do not doubt, said he, addressing him, but the recollection of those circumstances which I was obliged to repeat, has given you some pain—"yes, answered Sir William, it has given a severe blow to my future peace; the lovely Marianne is then engaged, and all my hopes are blasted! "This is a secret, cried Mr. Thompson, I was wholly unacquainted with; I could hardly suppose, whilst your heart smarted for the recent loss of Miss Rivers, you could so readily resign it to another passion." But, believe me, Sir William, added he, a heart so easily inflamed has little stability, and your disappointment will be a very temporary one."—If Sir William was wounded by some part of Mr. Thompson's relation, Lord Stormer felt pain still more acute. Is it possible,

fible, thought he, that Miss Worthy has beheld me with some degree of partiality? have I, in return for the hospitality of the father, given even the smallest degree of anxiety to the charming daughter? what hopes had I a right to indulge, a bankrupt in my fortune, an exile, though a voluntary one, from my country, could I suppose Mr. Worthy would permit my addresses? why then indulge a passion which must end in disappointment, or, by any future attentions, encrease that partiality I am told Miss Worthy honored me with? no, added he, sighing, I will not wound her peace, I deserve to be the only sufferer, and therefore will quit Brussels without delay.—Mr. Thompson was surprised to find intelligence which he expected would have excited pleasure, had thrown a gloom over the countenances of both gentlemen. “You are strange inconsistent beings, said he, smiling, this morning all your anxiety was to stand justified in the opinion of Mr. Worthy, now that I have succeeded in removing his prejudices, and I hope,

hope, restored you to the esteem of that amiable family; instead of being grateful for my endeavors, one of you is full of laments, and the other seems lost in melancholy reflections." "True, my dear Mr. Thompson, answered Lord Stormer, however, I feel gratified in the success of your friendly interference, I confess, you have awakened me to a sense of a fresh error I was on the point of falling into; but I hope it is not too late to retract, and therefore I am determined to leave this city in the course of a few days."

Before Mr. Thompson could make a reply they were informed the two Italian noblemen were below; Sir William, who had sat wholly inattentive, on hearing this, started up briskly, and running down, soon returned, introducing the gentlemen to his friends. The distant, though respectful politeness they received from his lordship and Mr. Thompson, was amply compensated for, by the extreme attention of Sir William, who, with

with his accustomed impetuosity, lavished on them a thousand polite speeches, and appeared uncommonly solicitous to obtain their esteem. Those warm advances to intimacy were received with equal eagerness on their side, and before they separated, the Marquis Marescotti invited the gentlemen to pass the evening with them, Lord Stormer and Mr. Thompson civilly declined, but Sir William readily accepted the invitation, and promised to be an early guest.

After those noblemen had taken leave, Mr. Thompson very seriously remonstrated with Sir William on his being so ready to enter into an intimacy with gentlemen he knew so little of: "One would expect, added he, that you had already paid dear enough for your attachments to render you more cautious in forming acquaintance without first obtaining a better knowledge of the companions you select." "And one would suppose, also, retorted Sir William, in a tone of displeasure, that I was of competent age
to

to select my companions, without having a governor to controul my inclinations, or a censor to remind me for ever of my foibles.”

“Far be it from me, sir, added Mr. Thompson, to assume the character of either: friendship to you and gratitude to Lady Beaumont renders it an indispensable duty on my side to speak my sentiments freely: but if I am become troublesome to you, ’tis time we should separate, for I neither can, nor will, suppress my opinion in points where I think your honor or reputation is concerned. “You are petulant, Sir William, cried Lord Stormer, you forget Mr. Thompson is our best friend.” “Forgive me, Thompson, said Sir William, taking his hand, I was too hasty, but to tell you the truth, I really feel it necessary to have a little dissipation and change of company to drive the lovely Marianne out of my thoughts, for I am more deeply concerned at my disappointment than you imagine, and let that plead as an excuse for behavior I am ashamed of.”

“Esteem yourself but half as much as I esteem

esteem *you*, answered Mr. Thompson, and I shall be perfectly satisfied, for then you will be cautious of forfeiting the one or the other."—Lord Stormer endeavored to give a turn to the conversation, by repeating his design of quitting Brussels and going into Italy; "After seeing Mr. Worthy to-morrow, said he, and proving to him I am not entirely undeserving the favors I have experienced from his hospitable board, I shall go, though with regret, at a distance from an object I feel but too interesting to my peace. A similar disappointment drove me from England, though I cannot say my affections were so deeply engaged as I now find they are here; but a bankrupt in my fortune, without a foot of land I can at present call my own, I should despise myself if I sought to engage Miss Worthy's heart: 'tis fit my folly should be my punishment, and that dissipation in which I vainly pursued the shadow of happiness, should be the means of depriving me for ever of its reality." "I must leave you, said Sir William, taking his
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hat, before you render me unfit for any company, I was quite right, you see, in thinking a change in my companions necessary, for this evening at least." So saying, he took leave of them and sallied forth to his appointment with the Italians, whilst Lord Stormer and Mr. Thompson spent a very rational evening together.—The high spirits of his companions soon communicated a portion of them to Sir William, he encouraged the circling glass, and when warm with wine very readily assented to their proposal of finishing the night at the house of a famous courtesan's, where they staid 'till a very late hour in the morning.

When Mr. Thompson arose he was very much concerned to hear his friend had but just retired to bed, and in a state of intoxication. This rash, impetuous young man, said he, to avoid the least disagreeable reflection, plunges into error, and unable to bear the least disappointment in his wishes, flies to dissipation as his only resource. I hoped a
very

very different mode of behavior when I left England with him, or never should have consented to accompany him. But his good resolutions were only temporary, and the first temptation he relapses into his former follies." In a very uneasy state of mind he remained 'till informed Mr. Worthy was come to wait on them; having sent word to Lord Stormer and Sir William of his arrival, the former instantly obeyed the summons, and Mr. Worthy was introduced. Advancing to Lord Stormer, I have many apologies to offer, my lord, for my rude behavior to you in my house." "Not a word on the subject, my dear Mr. Worthy, I am extremely honored by this visit, and to be restored to your good opinion is very essential to my happiness. I certainly ought to have acquainted you with the situation of my affairs, but where there was no curiosity expressed, I conceived I had no right to obtrude confidence: and perhaps, added he, smiling, a little pride prevented me from acknowledging errors I feared might lessen me

me in your esteem." "I am much flattered by the motives of that fear, returned Mr. Worthy, but shall I not have the pleasure of seeing Sir William?" "He will wait on you presently, replied Mr. Thompson, but pray, sir, may I ask how you managed with Mrs. Rivers? After you left us, said Mr. Worthy, my wife followed her to her apartment, where she had retired with my youngest daughter, to whom she was eagerly talking when Mrs. Worthy entered the room; having desired my daughter to withdraw, she sat down, and in a tender, though earnest manner requested her attention: she then repeated the whole story as Mr. Thompson had related it. Mrs. Rivers broke out several times in invectives against her daughter, Sir William and Lady Beaumont, but Mrs. Worthy insisted on being heard out—when she had finished, she addressed her thus. "Now, madam, you see we are perfectly acquainted with your story, and although we cannot exculpate Sir William Beaumont entirely, yet surely he is less blamable than the parent who could

wantonly throw her child into improper situations, and corrupt a heart naturally good; only to gratify unwarrantable pride and ambition; and when a deserved disappointment in those views took place to desert an unhappy repentant child, and give yourself up to folly and dissipation at your time of life—O, madam, what a depraved heart is yours! but I will not upbraid, without holding out the means to recover, *at least pity*, by your future amendment—be sincere and candid, you may make me your friend, I never yet deserted any one in distress, and if I can be the means of restoring you to a sense of your errors, and a wish to atone for them by repentance; you will find Mr. Worthy and myself ready to serve you.” When my wife had finished all she had to say, Mrs. Rivers, for some time, preserved a sullen silence, but at length, looking up, she burst into tears, “I am humbled indeed! cried she, but I am undone and must submit to my fate! Well, then, madam, you know all, but you who never experienced a bitter re-

verse of fortune, can form no ideas what must have been my sufferings—perhaps the means I took to get my daughter well married, *was* unjustifiable, but such schemes are not very uncommon nor unnatural, Sir William Beaumont has been my bitterest enemy, I must ever think so; but for him I should never have been driven by the imprudent conduct of my child, to have quitted England.”

“Stop, madam, said Mrs. Worthy, nor dare to throw *one* reflection on a daughter who deserved a better mother, and whose exemplary behavior under her misfortunes, more than atoned for her errors, and excited the admiration of all who knew her! I am not disposed to hear reflections which avail nothing, tell me your real situation, and how I can serve you, without discredit to myself.” This severity had its desired effect; she entered into a detail of her losses, and impositions practised on her, and that having at the time she heard of her daughter’s death an intimacy with a French gentleman who called himself Monsieur de Renier, he had promised to marry

her, and carry her into Burgundy where his estates lay, if she would get all her money; she therefore, at the same time she received the four hundred pounds from Lady Beaumont, drew out the two thousand pounds her daughter had received the interest of, and when all her money arrived, he proposed going to Brussels, to be married there and reside some time in the city. She complied, they set off and spent a fortnight at Lisle, where she saw Sir William, and which occasioned her to press Monsieur to set off the next day; that at the last stage before they came to Brussels; when she arose in the morning, she waited breakfast sometime without seeing Monsieur, at last, ringing the bell she was informed, to her inexpressible astonishment, that the gentleman went off on post horses several hours before! scarce able to breathe, she flew up stairs and found the small cabinet, in which was deposited her notes, money, and some few jewels, carried off! she said she lost her senses for some time, but when recovered, found
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all the money she had did not amount to twelve pounds; with this scanty sum she hastened to Bruffels in search of Monsieur de Renier, but getting no intelligence, and her money being nearly exhausted, vexation and fatigue threw her ill, and she was reduced to the last extremity of want, when the landlord told her there was an English family in the city who would, he was sure, administer to her relief; on which the application was made to me; and not chusing to own she had travelled with a man not her husband, she gave out that it was her servant who had robbed her." And thus ended Mrs. Rivers's tale, which, though pretty artfully glossed over, does her no credit from her own account.

After Mrs. Worthy had heard her story, she desired her to compose herself and she would consult me what could be done for her. I left her this morning going to her with two proposals, one is to allow her a decent annuity, sufficient for all her wants,

though not to supply extravagancies, to board in a neighbouring village where we would procure her accommodations which might render her respectable if she behaved properly; the other proposal was to pay her pension here in a convent—which she will determine on, is yet to be known, but I hope, wherever she resides, she will set about a reformation in her conduct, as I have little doubt but it was a profligate connection with some sharper which has thus distressed her, and shall set forth an enquiry after him, though I fear to little effect.

Just as Mr. Worthy concluded his narrative, Sir William came in, and in some confusion received that gentleman's apologies. Said Mr. Worthy, I will not request the favor of a renewal of your visits until Mrs. Rivers has left the house, which, I hope, will be in a day or two, in the mean time, gentlemen, do me the justice to believe I feel an infinite deal of pleasure in a re-union of that friendship which conferred
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on me equal honor and satisfaction. Lord Stormer and the others were not deficient in returning his politeness, although Sir William resolved to visit there very seldom, and Lord Stormer's resolution was taken to pay only one farewell visit. When Mr. Worthy was gone Mr. Thompson repeated his information respecting Mrs. Rivers, and then added, I dare say, Lady Beaumont would not readily resign to this good family, who are strangers, the means of settling Mrs. Rivers in a decent situation, where she may live, in future, a regular life. "Nor will I, said Sir William, haughtily, I will make over to her one hundred pounds a year, out of my small income, and that sum yearly, I should suppose, will maintain her in this country very well." "'Tis an ample provision, replied Mr. Thompson, and I applaud the generosity of your spirit; will you commission me to acquaint the family of your design?" "Yes, answered Sir William, and the sooner the better, I will give orders for its being executed this very day."

Mr. Thompson hastened to Mr. Worthy's, and begged to speak with Mrs. Rivers in presence of Mrs. Worthy; she was at first unwilling to see him, supposing he came to affront her, but on his sending word, that the message he came with, must be an agreeable one, she at last came down, Mr. Thompson, without any ceremony, told her he was commissioned by Sir William Beaumont to acquaint her, he had that day settled on her one hundred pounds a year to live where she pleased, and that, to prevent present pecuniary difficulties, he would present her with fifty pounds to settle herself until the annuity, which should be paid half yearly, became due. And then addressing Mrs. Worthy, "this offer of my friend's, madam, will preclude any necessity for Mrs. Rivers' receiving the favors you intended her I suppose." "Yes, said she, I accept Sir William's offer, for I conceive it a justice he owes me in recompense of the evils I have suffered through him." "We will not speak of the past, madam, returned Mr. Thompson,

Thompson, coldly, but if you consult this lady as to your place of residence, every thing else shall be accommodated to your satisfaction." He then took leave and returned home, not a little surprised to find Lord Stormer alone. "Where is Sir William?" he asked, gone to dine with the Italian noblemen, replied his lordship, he is highly delighted with their spirit and gaiety, you and I my grave friend are entirely out of favor."

Mr. Thompson was extremely concerned at this news, and in consequence of it made it his business to enquire into their characters. He was informed they were men of high birth and fortune, but wild and dissipated to excess, not gamblers, but sensualists in the utmost extent of the word. This account alarmed him greatly, he consulted with Lord Stormer what could be done to wear him from the connection; his lordship undertook to talk with him, though hopeless of being attended to; for he had, in the morn-

ing, asked Sir William to accompany him in a tour to Italy, which he declined, saying, he would not run the risk of losing his heart again, that if he did not give into company, he should run mad at his disappointment of Marianne Worthy, but there was not another girl in Brussels he cared fix-pence for, and therefore it was the best place he could stay in, where he was in no danger; adding, "your's is a quixote expedition to run away from the girl that you are told likes you, but I am not so romantic, and were not her sister's affections engaged I would run to her, instead of going from her." Lord Stormer told him their situations differed, you have a mother's ample fortune to look forward to, said he, as a settlement for your wife, by prudent management, in a few years, your estate may be cleared—but I have no such resources.—It must be many years before I can recover any part of mine, and never will I be beholden to a wife's fortune to pay off the mortgages which extravagance and folly has laid upon my estates."

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Lord Stormer repeated this conversation to Mr. Thompson, and concluded by saying, it would have given him infinite pleasure had Sir William acceded to his request, as he should greatly regret the loss of Mr. Thompson's conversation."

They saw no more of Sir William for that day; he came home at a very late hour, and was not stirring 'till long after they had breakfasted, when he was disturbed by the lawyer who came to settle the business for Mrs. Rivers's annuity; which being done, and Mr. Worthy appointed trustee for her; when the lawyer withdrew, he began to expatiate on the pleasures of the foregoing evening, and rallied his grave friends for their stupidity. "Prithee, Stormer, said he, join our parties, take my word for it nothing like a little mirth and frolick to cure a wound in the heart. If I had not met with those noble Italians, my own vexation, and your sentimental speeches, would have made me miserable: but I am already on the recovery,

and in another fortnight shall be able to see my favorite in the arms of another man, without either hanging or drowning myself."

"You are indeed wonderfully altered, Sir William, said Mr. Thompson, I will not say improved; but don't you think Lady Beaumont hoped, when you came abroad, you would travel to observe men and manners, and not fix your residence at one place, nor confine your society to one set of people?" "I suppose, sir, retorted Sir William, Lady Beaumont knew I was out of leading strings, and had a right to chuse for myself, and if she had my peace of mind in view, after the dismal scenes and cursed vexations I had gone through in England, she would rejoice I should live any where to enjoy good company and recover my tranquillity." "And yet, answered Mr. Thompson, such as you call good company have been the means of destroying your tranquillity, for a time at least." "Well, sir, cried Sir William, with great indignation in his manner, when I request the favor of *your advice*, respecting

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my friends, I shall be thankful for it, but I did not understand that when Mr. Thompson condescended to become my companion in this tour, he intended to assume the governor over my actions." "Sir William, replied Mr. Thompson, very coolly, you degrade yourself more than me by such reflections, but if you cease to esteem me, 'tis time we should separate. I have long been inured to misfortunes and disappointments, but I never yet lost sight of the respect due to myself, and I should disdain to owe a favor to any one who did not consider me as a friend, and believe, that his interest was as dear to me as my own." "Your notions are extremely peculiar, (returned Sir William, but it was always my wish to consider you as a friend, not as a *spy*, eager to observe and censure my most indifferent actions." I should very ill prove myself your friend, retorted Mr. Thompson with some warmth, to be indifferent to your happiness or reputation, both of which I think endangered by your new friends—but, I have done, sir, I shall

shall take the earliest opportunity to return to England and resign Lady Beaumont's generous provision, which I can no longer retain with honor to myself."—"I can have no right to prevent you, *you* are certainly your own master, and can go *where and when* you please, without being accountable to *me*." Saying those words Sir William, walked off very stately, and left his friends overwhelmed with vexation. "How much have I been mistaken in my opinion of this haughty young man, said Mr. Thompson, when I was prevailed upon to accompany him, I was previously informed of all his irregularities, which had been productive of so much sorrow, shame and embarrassment in his circumstances, that his friends were led to believe an entire reformation in his conduct and sentiments had taken place, and his behaviour for some time appeared to justify their opinion: but you see that same impetuous, unfettered disposition prevails, and the least check in a favorite pursuit, plunges him into error, and throws him into the power of

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gay dissolute companions." "It is, indeed, much to be regretted, replied Lord Stormer, that the younger Miss Worthy is engaged, for possibly an union with an amiable woman might have fixed his principles." "I rather fear, answered Mr. Thompson, the instability of temper which has ever marked his character, will prevail through life and have given very little chance of happiness to any woman." However, added he, I will not quit him, unless he absolutely throws me off, 'till I hear from Lady Beaumont, I shall write this day, and without assigning any reasons, beg leave to decline her noble allowance in my favor, as particular circumstances require my return to England."

After a little pause, Lord Stormer said, you know the smallness of my income, dear Thompson, and I ought to blush, perhaps, for making you a proposal so unworthy of your merit to accept, but if you will condescend to share that income, and become my friend, my brother and adviser, I will endeavor,

deavor, by my respect and attentions, to atone for the deficiencies of fortune." "The offer you make me, my lord, does me the highest honor, nor would I hesitate a moment to accept it, did I not conceive myself accountable to Lady Beaumont, and not at liberty to quit the society of her son without first writing to her." Promise me, then, cried Lord Stormer, that if you do detach yourself from Sir William, you will join me wherever I am."—"I do, replied Mr. Thompson, but it would give me still greater pleasure if I can prevail on him to be of your party."

When Sir William left his friends so abruptly, he repaired to the hotel of the Italians; not a little ruffled—ah! my dear friend, cried the Marquis Marescotti embracing him, what has happened to discompose you? you look out of humour." Sir William told him a gentleman, who had *attended* him abroad as a companion, had thought proper to play the Monitor, and
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lecture him for keeping late hours." "The devil! exclaimed the Marquis, and do you submit to such impertinence?" "Certainly not, replied the other, I have given him a handsome set down, and that has ruffled my temper." I would have kicked the fellow to the devil, cried the Marquis, if he had presumed to give me any admonitions. Why, you are of age, are you not? "yes, answered Sir William, I am my own master, nor will I be dictated to by any one." "That's right, said the other, spend your time with us, and leave your Monitor with that sober looking lord who does not appear to have a grain of fire or spirit in his composition. We keep the first company in hours of ceremony, and at night, revel in all the delights the place affords. You Englishmen are generally so reserved and so methodical that a man of spirit can find little pleasure in their acquaintance, but there appeared in you a vivacity, a carelessness in your air, and manner, which, without any compliment, had its attractions with me, and made me desirous

rous of cultivating your friendship." This compliment was highly gratifying to Sir William's self-love, and made him exert all his wit and spirits to deserve it. He entered into all their designs and promised to be their constant companion.

CHAP. XXIX.

A GENEROUS SELF-DENIAL REWARDED.

THE following day after Sir William Beaumont had executed the deed in favor of Mrs. Rivers, and sent Mr. Worthy a draught for the fifty pounds, that gentleman requested an interview with Mrs. Rivers, and delivering the papers, asked her in what manner she chose to dispose of herself.

self. 'Tis almost indifferent to me, said she, where I exist in future, deprived of my fortune, deserted by my friends, and compelled to be obliged to my greatest enemy; the remainder of my days must be wretched: tell me, therefore, sir, where I can be buried alive, for such must be my fate, neither do I care what becomes of me." Mr. Worthy, though extremely displeased, could not help being affected by this melancholy representation of her situation; after a little pause, he said, I can conceive, madam, that to a mind like yours, solitude must be very irksome; and that, sensible, as I hope you are of the errors of your conduct, reflection can afford you no pleasure. If, therefore, you can determine to behave with regularity, and propriety, I will venture to recommend you as a boarder in a worthy house in this city, where you may enjoy pleasing society and moderate pleasures; Mrs. Worthy will, I know, be happy to countenance you if you deserve it—If this proposal does not suit you, there is an opulent village, not far from hence,

hence, where your income will enable you to live genteel—no, said she, interrupting him, I will hear nothing of your village—I see, by this deed, which she had perused, I am not obliged to reside at any particular place. I will, therefore, go to Aix le Chapelle, I know I can live decent there on this poor pittance, and I have still a few effects in England to dispose of, which may settle and support me there until the annuity becomes due.”

“I am sorry to find, madam, said Mr. Worthy, rising disgusted, you still wish for gaiety and expensive establishments, but since your choice is made, I will accommodate you with the fifty pounds, and excuse me, if I add, the sooner you leave this house the better.” “That I shall do, sir, immediately, answered she, rising also, and your unpolite request cancels the obligation I thought I owed to your humanity.” She then desired a conveyance to the inn she came from, and taking a polite but cold leave of the family, hurried away, leaving Mrs. Worthy astonished at her effrontary. She is entirely unwor-
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thy of any favor, said Mr. Worthy, but certainly had some little claim on Sir William Beaumont's generosity, he has discharged the debt, and I am extremely well pleased we have done with her, for I see she is incorrigible.

The next morning after Mrs. Rivers quitted the house, Lord Stormer, accompanied by Mr. Thompson, waited on Mr. Worthy's family to make a farewell visit; they were all exceedingly surprised when they heard his design, Miss Worthy particularly appeared much agitated; I am heartily sorry to lose you, cried Mr. Worthy, I fear you have hardly forgiven my rudeness which that worthless woman led me into, for I flattered myself you intended residing here 'till next spring." "I did indeed intend it, replied Lord Stormer, and the circumstances which oblige me to alter my intention are particularly mortifying to me, for I shall find no company elsewhere that will console me for the loss of those happy hours I have spent with your
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amiable family." "I scarce know how to reply to what you have said, returned Mr. Worthy, but if there is any thing in my power to give those circumstances you mention a different complexion and engage your residence among us, tax my friendship to its utmost, and be assured, the obligation will be on my side, if I can serve a worthy man." "I feel your kindness, sir, most sensibly, replied Lord Stormer, but I am so unfortunately situated as to be incapable of profiting by the friendship you honor me with, and to be plain with you, every hour I stay in Brussels adds to my distress." "Then I can only regret, without the power of relieving you, cried Mr. Worthy, but if my services now can be of no use, at least promise me, that if on any future occasion, any embarrassment of circumstances, you should stand in need of a friend, promise me you will honor me with the application, and I will fly to serve you." This kindness was too much for Lord Stormer's sensibility, he rose visibly affected, and taking Mr. Worthy's hand;

hand; "I thank you, sir, with my whole soul; then turning to the ladies, hardly able to articulate his words; I leave you, dear and amiable friends, said he, with the deepest regret, I shall find nothing, wherever I go, that will compensate for the pleasure I must now resign. May every blessing attend you, added he, and taking up his hat, hurried out of the room—the ladies were drowned in tears, Mr. Thompson, unable to speak, with a low bow, was preparing to follow his friend, Mr. Worthy caught his hand, stop Mr. Thompson, I conjure you, tell me, has any particular misfortune befallen Lord Stormer? I feel extremely interested for him, it will be no breach of friendship to inform me of any circumstances where the hand of friendship may administer consolation. I know, from your former account of him, his present income is a very scanty one, if any pecuniary difficulties distress his mind, I thank God I have it in my power to relieve them, and he must think very meanly of me if he supposes I should consider

der it any other than as an obligation conferred on myself, to put it in my power to serve him, speak then I beseech you." Mr. Thompson hesitated; thus pressed, he knew not what to answer: whilst he was deliberating Miss Worthy rose and left the room, her mother and sister followed her from motives of delicacy, supposing they had no right to share a communication which appeared an important secret. When the ladies were withdrawn, Mr. Worthy resumed his entreaty, "do not think me impertinently officious, Mr. Thompson, do justice to my heart, and be assured, if the remedy for Lord Stormer's distress is within my power, I will serve him without ever acquainting him *how* I became master of his secrets" "Your solicitations, my good Mr. Worthy, said Mr. Thompson, are not to be resisted, thus much I will confess to you, and convince you your friendly anxiety can be of no use at present. Lord Stormer then is fervently attached to a very amiable woman, for some time he was blind to the danger of constant-

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ly conversing with a charming object without being enamoured; but his eyes are now open to the state of his heart; his slender income precludes all possibility of addressing her, and he finds it necessary to move about, to travel, and not by remaining too long in one place, have leisure to think on an object that never can be any thing to him." "Do not let your confidence be a partial one, said Mr. Worthy, who is this amiable woman, do I know her?" "Pardon me, sir, replied Mr. Thompson, that is a secret of too delicate a nature for me to reveal, I have only convinced you no new pecuniary difficulties affect Lord Stormer, and that to cure a wounded heart requires other helps than the hand of friendship; time, and a diversity of objects." Well, sir, said Mr. Worthy, I honor your motives for secrecy, and have only one more favor to request, that you will do me the honor of calling here in the evening, without saying a word to Lord Stormer on the subject of what has passed this morning between us—I may at least give him a

few letters, which, if he persists in going to-morrow, may be of service to him." Mr. Thompson promised to attend him, and then departed, occupied with various conjectures respecting Mr. Worthy; "if he did penetrate into the secret, thought he, 'tis plain his friendship will not extend so far as to give his daughter, nor indeed could it be expected." On his return he found Lord Stormer a prey to deep melancholy, which, when his friend entered the room, he strove to shake off, and rising hastily, well, Thompson, said he, with a half smile, did I not come away in good time? it was but a half victory over myself neither, for the kindness of the family almost overpowered my resolution." We will not dwell on the subject as you are determined to persevere, answered the other, but have you heard any thing of Sir William? no, replied his lordship, and as he knows 'tis my intention to leave Brussels to-morrow, I must think his absence to day particularly unkind."

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The day was passed in making preparations for his departure, and Lord Stormer settled his route with Mr. Thompson that he might enjoy his correspondence. In the evening, he said, he had two or three visits of ceremony to make, and should return to supper, as Mr. Thompson declined going with him, who immediately, that his lordship was going out, prepared to attend Mr. Worthy: at the door, as they were on the point of separating, a servant of that gentleman's came up and delivered a card to Lord Stormer, containing only these words. "Mr. Worthy requests the immediate presence of Lord Stormer and Mr. Thompson, on business of the highest importance." Lord Stormer looked at his friend with astonishment; "What can this mean? said he, business of importance! we *must* go, however painful to my feelings again to enter the house." Mr. Thompson made no reply but followed him, and on their entrance, they were shewen into the saloon where Mr. Worthy, his lady and daughter sat. Mr. Worthy rose, and

taking Lord Stormer's hand, "I have now caught the fugitive, cried he, smiling, and let me tell you, you will find it difficult to *escape* me, for I design making you a prisoner for life: what say you, madam, turning to his lady, have I your consent to put fetters on him? "With all my heart, answered Mrs. Worthy, gaily, he deserves them for his intentions of running away from us." "You see, sir, said Mr. Worthy to his lordship, your very best friend is against you, let us hear what this young lady says on the subject, leading the astonished and almost inanimate Lord Stormer up to Miss Worthy, now Eliza, you are to give your vote, have you considered the matter, are you willing to retain this captive for life? Miss Worthy, inexpressibly confused with trembling hesitation, replied, your pleasure, sir, shall be mine." "Take him, then, said he, joining their hands, take him *your* prisoner, punish him for his intended desertion, by making him a submissive husband, and let me embrace a son in the man I have esteemed as a friend."

friend." He then clasped his arms round Lord Stormer, who unable to speak, returned it with fervor, and then threw himself at the feet of Miss Worthy, who had burst into tears, and was leaning her head against her mother's shoulder. "Tell me for Heaven-sake, cried he, kissing her hand, am I not in a dream, oh! Mr. Worthy, what have you done?" "Done, replied he, why, I have joined two hands together that suffered their hearts to unite, without waiting for my leave—I have obliged, against his will, a proud romantic man, who injured his friends by supposing the little paltry consideration of money would be permitted to step between him and happiness, when they had the power of bestowing it; come, come, rise and receive the congratulations of your friends with the sensibility of a man, conscious he is not unworthy the completion of his wishes." "That is an impossibility, sir, said Lord Stormer, I cannot find words to express my feelings, but I know myself undeserving the happiness you have bid me look up to; yet I can truly

say that I never regretted my follies and loss of fortune so truly as at this moment—"not a word more of follies or regrets, interrupted Mr. Worthy, to be sensible of our errors, and to amend them, deserves they should be forgotten; and had you possessed your whole fortune in all probability we should never have met, and the hard lesson of self-denial had never proved your virtue. Be thankful then, my good friend, that the punishment of your faults has been the means of conducting you into the paths of happiness. You have it amply in your power to repay every act of friendship on my side by making my child happy, and accepting from me that independent fortune, which, without *you*, could never have made *her* so." Lord Stormer, overcome by such unbounded generosity, could not repress his sensibility; "excuse me, sir, for a moment," was all he said, and flew out of the room; Miss Worthy, equally affected, withdrew, with her mother and sister, leaving Mr. Worthy and Mr. Thompson alone. "Well my good friend,"
said

said the former, do you repent the half confidence you reposed in me? have I not served the young folks a good trick for being so tenacious of a secret every child might have read in their eyes? To be serious, said he, I have for some time observed a mutual inclination between them which I never desired to repress; though I understood at first Lord Stormer's fortune was much deranged, but those things are so common in young men 'till experience has taught them wisdom, that I concluded, if he was a man of honor, of integrity, and real principle, the sense of his misconduct would be a surety for his future good behavior. Things were in this train when Mrs. Rivers came to my house; her name occasioned great emotions in Sir William Beaumont and his lordship, they requested their names might not be mentioned. My daughter, who felt herself interested, could not suppress her curiosity, and spoke to her mother about both in presence of Mrs. Rivers; her confusion was visible, and Eliza immediately asked if she knew the gentle-

men? with a flood of tears she repeated her daughter's story, but with such aggravations against Sir William as shocked both ladies: she represented both as notorious gamblers, who, having been linked with a set of villains, had been detected in false play and obliged to quit their country, that she was convinced they were here for some bad purpose, perhaps to marry some lady of fortune and then set off with her money, her tale was so plausible and accompanied with such marks of bitter sorrow, that poor Eliza was inexpressibly shocked, I was made acquainted with it, and much enraged, determined to affront them—Mrs. Rivers wished not to be present but it happened accidentally she was so, and I had not command enough over myself to avoid shewing my displeasure, for I saw what Eliza suffered, and was the more enraged—you know the rest, and I confess I was greatly rejoiced to restore Lord Stormer to my esteem. The secret I drew from you completed my good opinion of him, and when you left me I made Mrs. Worthy,
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with a sort of a female roundabout, obtain the knowledge of her daughter's affection for Lord Stormer, I then contrived to surprise them both, for not a word was said to Eliza on the subject intended. And now, my good friend, you see there are times when secrets and concealments may do more injury than good." "In this case, sir, I own it would have been so, said Mr. Thompson, but you will also allow I was justified by the common maxims of the world, for who but Mr. Worthy would give a charming accomplished daughter with a princely fortune to an indigent man of quality?" "What not to make himself father-in-law to a Peer?" cried Mr. Worthy, smiling, but come let us find your friend and compose his spirits—apropos! what is become of Sir William, "I have not seen him since morning, replied Mr. Thompson, he spends most of his time now with the Italian noblemen." "So much the worse, said Mr. Worthy, for they are very licentious young men." "I fear," returned Mr. Thompson, a disappointment

of the heart has thrown him into a situation replete with many evils; I will not scruple to tell you, he was passionately fond of Miss Marianne, but being informed she was engaged, he has fled to gay company as a recourse from melancholy, and seems already so much attached to his companions that I tremble for the consequence." "I am extremely sorry to hear it, replied Mr. Worthy, Marianne is, indeed, engaged to a very worthy brave officer, whose return we daily expect, but was she not, I should not chuse to give her to one who proves he has no fixed principles, or the fate of the unfortunate Miss Rivers would have made such an impression as to have regulated his future conduct by the rules of honor and discretion." "I once hoped it had done so, said Mr. Thompson, but he has such instability and impetuosity in his disposition, at the same time, generous and unsuspecting, that he is too open to the artifices of mankind, who flatter his foibles, and too reserved to his friends who have his real interest at heart."—

heart.”—“ Such is too often the case with headstrong youth, answered Mr. Worthy, whose passions have not been checked and guided right at an early period of life. But endeavor, if possible, to draw him from these young men. Mrs. Rivers, added he, is set off this day for Aix, without any appearance of compunction or remorse; I added a trifle to Sir William’s present, so that her purse is pretty well replenished, and I fear, whilst that is the case, she will be thoughtless as much as ever.”

Lord Stormer entered the room as his friends were going to seek him, he was now more composed and was about addressing Mr. Worthy, when he interrupted him, “ come, come, no long speeches, I know all you have to say, you think me a conjuror, no doubt, for finding out such a *profound secret*, but no matter if I can conjure you into happiness, that’s all you have to do with it; at present you may take leave on parole of honor, that you return in the morning, when

you shall be at liberty to say all the fine things you please—to my daughter. “What then, cried Lord Stormer, will you not permit me to see Miss Worthy again to night?” “No, indeed I will not, the poor girl’s spirits have been sufficiently hurried, for *she* had her secrets too, said Mr. Worthy, smiling, and requires time to be composed, therefore, my good friend, observe your parole and return to-morrow; go, added he, giving him a gentle push, you shall not speak another word.”

Lord Stormer and Mr. Thompson quitted the house without any reply, only a low bow, and a look from the former, expressive of every feeling of his heart. “What a happy event! said he to his friend, I can hardly believe my senses, beloved by Miss Worthy, and acknowledged as his son by her father, I am blessed to the utmost extent of my wishes; and yet, there must ever be a drawback on human felicity. I cannot recollect, without infinite pain, those large
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sums lost at the gaming table, and squandered on a worthless woman, which, had I possessed, would have rendered me more worthy my present delightful prospects." "Let that remembrance, replied Mr. Thompson, no otherways affect you than as a Pharaos to preserve you from future error. Mr. Worthy and his amiable daughter are above being influenced by such paltry considerations. I rejoice in the happiness that awaits you, though I fear Sir William has not fortitude enough to bear his own disappointment, and the completion of your wishes." Would to Heaven, said Lord Stormer, that I could restore him to himself, and detach him from those pursuits which must end in disgrace and ruin if not timely prevented."

They were now arrived home, but Sir William was not there, nor did they see him until the next morning when they purposely waited breakfast for him. He came into the room at a very late hour, and appeared surprised at seeing Lord Stormer;
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ah! said he, Lord Stormer! why, I supposed you had been several miles off by this time." I hope, replied his lordship, you did not expect any such thing, for I must certainly complain of your neglect of common politeness if you really believed I should leave Brussels this morning." Well then, answered he carelessly, I was misinformed, for I understood so from Mr. Thompson, adding, unconscious of the reproach implied in Lord Stormer's words, but I thought you would not summon sufficient resolution to forego the sight of Miss Worthy; however, I fear we shall both wear the willow, for an Italian nobleman, a friend of the Marquis Marefcotti, is, I hear, deeply enamoured of her, and thinks of applying to her father." Then his application will be too late, said Mr. Thompson, coldly, for the young lady, to my knowledge, is engaged." "Engaged," replied Sir William, in a tone of surprise, to whom, pray, is she engaged? to your friend, Lord Stormer, answered Mr. Thompson; to Lord Stormer! is it possible, cried

cried he, yes, my dear Sir William, I am, indeed, happy beyond my deserts or expectations, I have Mr. Worthy's sanction to address his lovely daughter; and am emboldened to hope I may succeed, said Lord Stormer. And pray, returned the other in a sneering tone, what is become of those fine heroic sentiments you uttered t'other day, "when honor and sentiment would not permit you to offer a bankrupt to Miss Worthy, nor pride suffer you to owe the re-establishment of your fortune to a wife?" my sentiments remain unchanged, Sir William, replied Lord Stormer, although circumstances have altered my first intentions. I never did presume to address the lady; your friend, Mr. Thompson, will inform you of the unexpected generosity of Mr. Worthy, which I must have been more or less than man to have refused, though conscious unworthiness will repress and cause some abatement in that perfect felicity I must otherwise feel."

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He then rose and left the room, whilst Mr. Thompson repeated to the astonished Baronet the scenes of the preceding day: when he had finished his narration, the other sat some time silent, at last, I wish him joy of his good fortune, said he, coldly, though disinterested as Mr. Worthy may appear to be, there is a possibility, the proposals of the Italian Count may stagger his resolutions and the young lady's constancy." "Mr. Worthy is a man of honor, replied Mr. Thompson, with some asperity, he neither takes up a resolution lightly, nor foregoes it when he has made it. A man of sense and stability, sir, is above sacrificing his opinion to the allurements of the world, or give up worthy tried friends for new connections." This was spoken with an emphasis that could not pass unnoticed, and Sir William haughtily replied, Mr. Thompson, no doubt, will find his account in attaching himself to such wonderful characters." "You treat me ill, sir, said Mr. Thompson, you are no stranger to my friendship for you, and earnest
desire

desire to fulfil the duties I think incumbent in my situation. I am much older than yourself, I have experienced such misfortunes as are the school of wisdom. You are almost new to the world, and with a generosity of disposition which leaves you too open to the deceits of mankind.

When I promised Lady Beaumont to accompany her beloved son, it was in the hope of being thought deserving your friendship, of being permitted freely to warn you of the rocks and quicksands young men of fashion are apt to stumble on when they first go abroad; and carefully to watch over your health. The latter, I thank Heaven, is now re-established, how long you may preserve it from the effects of such irregularities is not to be said. But I will not live to be considered as an intruder, or '*spy*' as you unkindly called me, I wish to assure you I am your true *friend*, and if you cease to think of me in that light, 'tis time we should part.

"It is, indeed, replied Sir William, rising,
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for I certainly will be master of my own actions, and at liberty to chuse my own acquaintance. Friendship, when extended to give advice unasked, is, in my opinion officiousness." He then quitted the room, leaving Mr. Thompson extremely concerned and mortified. He remained some time buried in thought, when Lord Stormer came into the room dressed for his visit to Miss Worthy, he could not avoid repeating to his lordship what had passed between Sir William and him, and declared his intention of writing immediately to Lady Beaumont.

Lord Stormer felt sincere concern for Sir William, "we must not give him up, said he, I will still endeavor to gain his confidence, and, if possible, wean him from his companions." Mr. Thompson excused himself from attending his lordship to Mr Worthy's, that he might write Mr. Thornhill and Lady Beaumont. Lord Stormer flew to the house under much agitation, to be permitted to address Miss Worthy, was happy

piness so exquisite, he could scarcely believe his senses, and when received by Mr. Worthy and introduced to his daughter, his emotions for some time deprived him of the power to acknowledge his sense of her condescension in his favor. Miss Worthy, superior to the little vanity of enjoying his confusion, as soon as she could recover herself, received him with that modest approbation a young woman of delicacy may be allowed to bestow on the man her father recommends; and he had reason to believe *that* recommendation was not an unwelcome one. Mr. and Mrs. Worthy soon joined them, the former said, in less than a month he expected his son and Colonel Sternheim, and then, added he, I hope to get rid of all my cares at once, by throwing my girls and my money into the hands of a couple of worthy fellows. But come, Stormer, walk along with me, a short *tête-à-tête* is sufficient to explain the sentiments of the heart, and I want to have a little serious talk with you myself. Lord Stormer followed him rather reluctantly, but, however,

however, thought it his duty to obey, and with a low bow, and looks more expressive than words, to his charming mistress, he quitted the room; and attended Mr. Worthy into his study. As to *your* affairs, my lord, said he, on entering, you will make out, at your leisure, an exact account of them, and every thing shall be made easy, for I have money enough, but you must pay, what, perhaps, you will think, a high price for this little accommodation; no less than a promise of spending, at least, six months every other year with Mrs. Worthy and myself during our lives, and that you will not carry my daughter to England 'till next spring." "Do you call this paying a high price for your bounty, my dear Mr. Worthy? be assured every thing that contributes to your happiness must ensure mine, and that the days I shall pass with you I shall think the happiest of my life; to possess your beloved daughter and to live with her in the bosom of her respectable family is the highest felicity I have any idea of." "Well then, said

said the other that affair is settled, and now I want to know a little more of your friend Thompson, he appears a very deserving man, but I fear he is not an independent one." "No, replied Lord Stormer, but with your leave, he shall be so, when I am enabled to settle something on him." "But you shall have no such leave, other people, sir, may wish to serve a worthy man as well as yourself, so pray let me hear all about him." His lordship then repeated all the particulars which he had heard from Sir William, and his sentiments and behavior which had fell within his own knowledge. I think, said Mr. Worthy, if he would like to reside in Brussels, I could serve him in a way which to a man of his spirit would be preferable to an obligation of any pecuniary settlement, which nevertheless he shall have if my other proposal does not meet his approbation." He then desired to see Mr. Thompson in the evening, and telling Lord Stormer he should expect him to dinner, bid him go and take a walk to procure an appetite,

tite, which too much love would spoil without a small absence. Lord Stormer felt too happy to go into public walks, or join in frivolous conversation; he returned, therefore, in search of Mr. Thompson, to whom he communicated his delightful prospects, and Mr. Worthy's request, that he would join their party in the evening. Sir William, mean time, repaired to his Italian friends, extremely mortified at Lord Stormer's success, and much displeased with the other's impertinence as he called it. Having repeated to them his morning intelligence, the Italian nobleman, who thought of paying his addresses to Miss Worthy, was much enraged at his disappointment, for, in truth, though the lady was very amiable, and exceedingly admired, yet her charms were only a secondary consideration with him, the immense wealth her father possessed, and a prospect of at least fifty or sixty thousand pounds, was his chief inducement. "Curse that insipid fellow, cried he, to rob me of my prize, and that romantic fellow, her fa-

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ther, to bestow her on a beggerly lord! is there no way to prevent the match?" "I believe not, replied Sir William, Thompson told me there was an actual engagement, and I suspect he had no small share in bringing it about." "Then my revenge shall fall on him, I owe the fellow a grudge for his impertinence to you, therefore let him look sharp to himself." These gentlemen all then adjourned to the house of a celebrated lady, where wine and women, for a time, turned the current of their ideas another way.

When Mr. Thompson arrived in the evening at Mr. Worthy's, that gentleman took him into his study. "You will pardon the liberty I am about to take Mr. Thompson, but I wish to be informed if you have any particular connexions in England, or whether it would be agreeable to you to reside in Brussels, if circumstances could make it commodious and profitable to you?" "Your attention to me, sir, does me great honor," replied Mr. Thompson, I have one noble
good

good friend in England ; but I have no family connexions, and am at liberty to reside where I please; for I believe, my engagement with Sir William Beaumont is at an end.

“ Then, sir, I will venture to make you a proposal—the English minister is in want of a secretary, it was mentioned to me yesterday by himself, that his secretary had died that morning, I instantly thought of you, he has no objection to any gentleman of character who is conversant in the languages; I asked him if he had any particular engagement, he told me no, I then requested him to wait a day or two, which he kindly promised.

Yesterday we were all too busy, besides, I wished to know of Lord Stormer your present prospects; finding you are at liberty, I am sure of obtaining this employment for you if you approve of it. “ The salary is worth about five hundred pounds a year, English money, and there are some other little advantages, you will live free of all expence in the minister’s house, and you will
find

find him a sensible, worthy, good man. Now, sir, what say you to my proposal? "That I accept it, my dear sir, with the warmest gratitude, and believe me, that it will be no small addition to my happiness that I shall be indebted to you for it." Well then, to morrow at ten o'clock I will accompany you to the governor's, and now we'll join our friends and the lovers.

The next morning Mr. Thompson was introduced by Mr. Worthy to the minister, who was extremely satisfied with him, and ordered the appointment to be immediately made out, and requested his residence with him within a day or two. When Mr. Thompson returned and had received the congratulations of Lord Stormer, he determined to wait the rising of Sir William, who seldom now came from his apartment 'till noon, and having parted with him the day before in high displeasure, he imagined would be disposed to treat him very cavalierly. On his entrance into the room, he

bowed coolly to Mr. Thompson, which the other returned, and finding he was not disposed to speak first, thus addressed him. "I am very much concerned, Sir William, to find I have given you any cause for displeasure, though I cannot accuse myself of deserving it. I have endeavored to do my duty, to speak to you on your present pursuits as became a friend and a gentleman; I never considered poverty as a reproach, nor that being confined in my circumstances should preclude me from declaring my sentiments. In me you have found a real friend, zealous for your honor and happiness."—"I never endeavored to lessen your merits, sir, replied the Baronet, but zeal misplaced is oftentimes officious and troublesome, as I have said before." "Well, sir, returned Mr. Thompson, this will be the last time I shall incur that reproach; suffer me then, my dear Sir William, to beg—to entreat, you will consider what you owe to your own honor, and to the happiness of your amiable mother. When first you came
here

here you was respected and esteemed by every worthy character ; a small disappointment, more in imagination than reality, induced you to seek, what you called, cheerful company ; behold the consequence, you are engaged in riots and debauchery, your income will not be sufficient to supply your extravagancies, you have already forfeited the esteem of good men, you will shortly be despised by all, and deserted by the companions of your riots. Consider what you must lose, and how very little you have to gain, the trifling approbation of men who are in no estimation, and the risque of endangering your health as well as your principles." Well sir, said Sir William, is this last sermon of your's yet finished? yes, sir, replied Mr. Thompson, rising I have *done*, I wish you all happiness, this day I leave you ; I am appointed secretary to the English minister, and I hope, in a short time, shall repay Lady Beaumont my pecuniary obligations, which, as I was not permitted to deserve, I certainly shall not retain. And if, on any future occa-

sion, my situation or friendship can be of real service to you, you may always command it, though *unasked*, I never shall approach you more." Saying this, with a low bow, he quitted the room, leaving Sir William in the highest astonishment possible, to hear of such an appointment, and to find he was independent of him. He walked about the room in the greatest agitation—"this is Stormer's doings, through the interest of Mr. Worthy, and out of spite to me; how insolent he carried it! secretary! the devil, I would give a hundred pounds to have him disappointed—but now I talk of a hundred pounds I must write to my mother for money, my own allowance is gone perhaps that fellow will be revengeful enough to write and set her against me, but if I find he does, by Heaven Mr. Secretary shall have his tongue slit." Mr. Thompson was as much hurt as Sir William, but it was from perceiving he had entirely lost all influence with him, yet he determined secretly to watch his motions and serve him if he ever should want

want a friend. He was now happily settled, Lord Stormer spent all his time between him and Miss Worthy, and was impatiently longing for the arrival of captain Worthy and his friend, to make his happiness complete; we must now leave them and Sir William, pursuing different amusements, and enjoying very different gratifications in Brussels, whilst we return to Lady Beaumont and Miss Maybank. —

CHAP. XXX.

THE GOOD EFFECTS OF FIRMNESS, ACCOMPANIED WITH GENTLENESS.

LADY Beaumont and her niece arrived safe through their journey to Lochbar Castle; the good old steward, who had been

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hourly

hourly expecting them, was on the look out, and no sooner saw the carriage at the gate than he flew to meet it: he melted into tears at sight of Miss Maybank, nor was she unmoved, many tender emotions arose on entering those gates where she once resided with her beloved mother. Welcome my dear young lady, a thousand times welcome, said the affectionate old man, thank Heaven you are come to settle all our differences, tho' very unexpected I believe, but by me. He then paid his respects to Lady Beaumont, and conducted the ladies into the house, without any previous notice given to Mrs. Nelson, whose apartment being in the garden front, she knew nothing of their arrival. Entering the dining parlour, Miss Maybank rung the bell with an air of authority, a man servant, who was a stranger to her, entered with an air of surprise at seeing ladies; let Mrs. Nelson know, Miss Maybank, your late lord's daughter, is here, and bid the house-keeper come to me. The man, all astonishment, repeated the word, house-keeper!

house-keeper! adding, "we have no house-keeper but Mrs. Nelson, madam;" Well then, inform her I am here, and bid the house-maids attend me. The man bowed and withdrew. Ah, madam, cried the steward, you will find all new faces except the cook. "Mrs. Nelson has not, surely, presumed to discharge any of my servants, said Miss Maybank, no, madam, replied he, they were all changed in my lord's life-time, when he brought home Mrs. Nelson to be our mistress. They heard now a great confusion in the house, opening and shutting doors, and no one made their appearance. Miss Maybank then requested the steward to go to the servants and announce her arrival, and also to order some refreshment. He presently returned with the cook and two house-maids, the former acknowledged her mistress with great joy, and the others received her orders to prepare the two best apartments with submission, though with evident marks of wonder. Whilst the ladies were taking some refreshment the man ser-

vant returned with "Mrs. Nelson's compliments, that she desired to be excused seeing Miss Maybank, but she had no objection to the ladies sleeping in the house for *that night*, but Miss Maybank must know the castle belonged to *her*; and that her *attorney* must settle matters with her, but she must request her removal the next day, as she was not well, and could see no company."

This insolent message threw the ladies into some confusion, and made the old steward stamp with passion, "give me orders, my dear young madam, and I will go up and force her door open and turn her out of the house, be the consequence what it may," said he; no, returned Miss Maybank, I will have no violence used towards her, my father thought fit to make her the mistress of his servants, and she shall receive no ill treatment from me." "You are right my love, said Lady Beaumont, respect your father's memory, and avoid coming to extremities, if possible." After a few moments consideration,

consideration, she asked where the gardener now lived, at a pretty little house, about a mile from the castle, answered the steward, "well then, replied Miss Maybank, you shall accompany me there, if you, madam, will have the goodness to remain here alone 'till my return," "with all my heart, replied Lady Beaumont, 'tis necessary we should keep possession now we are here." Miss Maybank then proceeded, accompanied by the steward, and very quickly arrived at the house; they knocked at the door which was immediately opened by the man himself, who started, turned pale as death, and was ready to sink at seeing his young mistress. "How do you do, Robert, said she, walking in, without appearing to notice his distress, or waiting for an invitation, you have got a comfortable habitation, I am glad my father considered his old servants in his lifetime." Yes, yes—my lady, stammered he, my lord was very good to me." Well, Robert, said she, sitting down, I am come to have a little conversation with you, you

did not expect to see me, I suppose? "no, madam, replied the man in great confusion, we heard your ladyship was going to be married." "Do not be uneasy, Robert, returned Miss Maybank, I am not disposed to be angry at any occurrences that have happened, my father had a right to do what he pleased, and you will find in me a friend ready to promote the interest of your family if they deserve it; and I am sure, my old friend, you have too much respect for your late master, and too much sense of gratitude to the memory of your late ever honored mistress, to return their kindness by ingratitude, or wrong their only child."

This mildness was what the man was entirely unprepared for, he could not stand it, but turned aside his head and burst into tears. "Don't weep, Robert, resumed the young lady, I can make great allowances, your daughter has, for some time, been mistress of the castle, 'tis natural she should wish to remain so, the means she has made use of
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were wrong, that's all I blame her for. She knows—*you* know—my father made no settlement on *her*, or provision for any *future event*. He died without a will, he declared on his death bed, before respectable witnesses, that he had made *no settlement* on Mrs. Nelson, but he also said it was his intention to do it, and named the sum designed for her and *hers*. His intention shall be religiously fulfilled by me; nay, rather exceeded, if she behaves properly. Do *you* then, Robert, talk to your daughter, tell her what I say, persuade her to resign that iniquitous bond she talks of possessing, warn her of the evil consequences attending her refusal, and let her be grateful for my tenderness to her situation, which makes me prefer mild methods, rather than have recourse to a court of justice, where her shame would be made public, and where she must expect to meet the punishment due to forgery and imposition." Here Miss Maybank stopped to observe the emotions of Robert, he turned pale and red alternately, twisted his neck a hun-

dred ways, but at last, overcome with terror at the mention of a court of justice, he dropped at her feet, and in a supplicating attitude. Pardon me, madam; promise to pardon me and my unhappy child and I will tell you all! "I do promise you, answered she, not only pardon, but protection; I will be a friend to you and yours. Well then, madam, 'twas Lawyer Macnally that persuaded her to have that bond and deed, he drew it up and promised to swear he did it by my lord's order, and in his life-time. I never was very well satisfied, but he said he knew it was my lord's intention, and besides, that it was but reasonable he should provide for his own child, and so I consented to set my hand as a witness, and the lawyer got another man, I don't know who, to do the same. "And who has these papers?" asked Miss Maybank, "my daughter has a copy, but the lawyer keeps the deeds." Well, Robert, go to your daughter, let her know the information you have given me, and that I actually have a deed with me to secure to her
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the sums my steward first mentioned to her, which I will give her possession of, and do more for her than she can have a right to expect, if she conducts herself properly; if not, she must take the consequence. Saying this she left the old man, and ordered the steward to go off directly to Macnally's, repeat the information they had gained, and to take two or three persons with him to frighten him into giving up the bond, if possible.—She now returned to Lady Beaumont, who warmly applauded her behavior, and informed her, that “during her absence the cook came in and told her Mrs. Nelson had sent off a man and horse to Lawyer Macnally, who was her great crony, and she believed there was more between them than there ought to be.” Ah! said Miss Maybank, then I fear we have but half succeeded if her messenger reaches him before the steward.

The cook now brought in a good dinner, for none of the other servants, who were hired
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by Mrs. Nelson, would attend. In the mean time Robert visited his daughter, who no sooner heard what had happened than she flew into a violent passion, abused her father, called him fool and dotard, but declared his testimony signified nothing, she had other witnesses to prove the deed, and that, if he did not unsay every thing he had told Miss Maybank she would indite him for perjury, and Lawyer Macnally should make him fly the country, and starve in a foreign land.

This outrageous and unnatural behavior at once turned the scale, Robert, after his fright was over, which drew from him the confession before mentioned, began a little to repent, and had his daughter soothed and persuaded him, possibly he might have been brought to retract, but her violence determined him at once. “Base ungrateful hussy! said he, expect no more favor from me, I will go to my young lady and join her against you.”—He hastened out of the room, and being admitted into the parlour, repeated

ed what had passed. "Robert, said Miss Maybank, for your sake I am willing to spare your daughter, I will see her, conduct us to her room without any notice, and I trust all things will turn out well." He acquiesced in her desire, and they followed him softly to her room whilst the servants were at dinner—when he came to the door it was locked, he knocked, "open the door, Dolly, said he, I am a little cooler and want to talk with you." She unlocked, and instantly the ladies entered the room before she had power to close the door; on seeing them she screamed and ran to the other end of the room. "Don't hurry yourself Mrs. Nelson, said Miss Maybank, mildly, in me you will see a friend if 'tis not your own fault." She then repeated every thing she had said to her father, mentioned his confession, and added, we have now possession of the castle; I have ordered persons to attend and guard your door, no Lawyer Macnally shall enter this house. Consider well, therefore, what you are about, and whether

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it is most for your interest to make a friend of me, or to support a base claim in a court of justice, where, you must know, your villainy will be discovered, and a most dreadful punishment await your crimes." "Woman! added Lady Beaumont, sternly, profit by the goodness and clemency of my niece, or tremble for your fate. I heard my brother, on his death bed, declare he had made you *no* settlement, he recommended you to the mercy of my niece; she will amply provide for you if you deserve it by repentance, otherwise dreadful will be your fate."

The unhappy woman was now overcome, her contending emotions almost deprived her of life, and she sunk fainting into a chair. Miss Maybank hastened to her assistance, the father burst into tears; Dolly, pray dear Dolly, confess all; O, my child will die, exclaimed he, Lady Beaumont exerted herself to comfort him, whilst Miss Maybank was employed in recovering her; "Why will you needlessly terrify yourself, said she
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to her, have I not already assured you I will be your friend? do not force me to act contrary to my inclination; for my father's sake I will provide for you beyond his wishes, and for his sake will love and protect the object which shall owe its being to him—look up and remember all here are disposed to be your friends.” Oh! madam, cried she, trying to fall on her knees, which the young lady prevented, your goodness, your gentleness has conquered; I could have borne passion and reproaches, I should have been hardened, but I cannot stand against your kindness, I will confess all, I will deliver up the copy of that wicked bond, and throw myself on your mercy.” “Now, said Miss Maybank, you are the good young woman I hoped to find you. You have been misled by wicked advice, but your heart is not corrupt, you will atone for your past errors by your future behavior, and live to rejoice in your recovery from those paths of guilt, which, if pursued must end in wretchedness and despair—Mrs. Nelson now arose, unlocked

locked a small cabinet, and with a flood of tears put the bond into the hands of Miss Maybank, who receiving it from her, said, to-morrow you shall receive another from *me*, and find I will strictly keep my word ; mean time come down, resume your command in the house, and you shall see I will authorise the respect you may claim from the servants." " Comfort your daughter, said Lady Beaumont to her father, and depend upon our word to be friends to you both." With these words they left the room seeing both were in tears. " I cannot enough applaud your resolution and gentleness, my dear Louisa, said Lady Beaumont, you have conquered, by your irresistible eloquence, a pretty hardened heart, and, I believe, no other method than the one you have taken would have succeeded." " A sense of guilt often hardens a wicked mind, and reproaches which they naturally expect, they are callous to—if there is one spark of goodness, or feeling in their composition, 'tis taken by surprise when they meet a gentleness entirely unexpected ;

unexpected; this spark was all I had to trust to, for I am confident the same spirit which made her treat her father ill, would have operated against me, had I condescended to reproach or abuse her." "The event has justified your prudence, replied Lady Beaumont, and we shall find now, I think, but little difficulty with the lawyer." Indeed they met with none, the steward and two friends he took with him to Macnally's house, found him at home, and the steward very abruptly told him, he came to demand a bond he pretended to have made by the late Lord Maybank's order. That Miss Maybank and Lady Beaumont were now at the house, and in possession of the whole transaction, by the confession of Mrs. Nelson and her father; "the officers of justice wait for my orders to arrive and seize you, added he, the young lady is willing to spare your fame and life; if, therefore, you give up the bond quietly, you will hear no more of the affair, otherwise one of these shall go off whilst we guard you, and bring the officers."

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He paused a little, and at last said, well then I will go up and fetch the bond, but I drew it by Mrs. Nelson's orders—he then turned to leave the room, they followed him, he opposed it at first, but finding they were resolute, he submitted; in his room he unlocked a bureau, and in an instant tore the bond in pieces, the name and seal he absolutely cramed into his mouth, and with some difficulty swallowed. “There, said he, carry those pieces to your mistress, and now do your worst, for the copy is neither signed nor sealed.” They gathered up the fragments, and highly pleased, returned to Miss Maybank.

Thus, in a few hours, by her activity and good judgment, an affair, which seemed to threaten her with much trouble, was entirely decided more to her wishes than expectations. She learned afterwards from Mrs. Nelson, that she had promised to sign a bond, as the very next day, to marry the lawyer soon as she was brought to bed, and

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to appoint him guardian to her child if it lived. Thus the iniquitous design was defeated, and Macnally disappointed of his prey.

In two or three days Miss Maybank's arrival being known the castle was crowded with company, many of whom had never visited there in the life-time of her father, but who esteemed the character of his daughter, and she found herself highly gratified in the respect paid to Lady Beaumont and herself. They had been at the castle about a week when two letters, which were forwarded almost immediately after them, came to hand, one was for Lady Beaumont, from her son, giving her an account of the denouement of Mrs. Rivers's sinister designs, of his disappointment as to Miss Marianne Worthy, and his having formed some very valuable connexions; mentioned Mr. Thompson and Lord Stormer but very slightly, and concluded with saying, he intended to remain some time at Brussels." This letter,

though it contained nothing displeasing, was yet not very satisfactory to Lady Beaumont, there was an air of levity in the style; the little notice he took of Mr. Thompson hurt her; besides, she had no great opinion of his judgment in the choice of his acquaintance; in short, though she could not tell where to find fault, she was by no means satisfied. The other letter was from Sir Charles Frankly, and addressed to Miss Maybank; she instantly recognised the hand, although she had seen but one letter in the same characters, yet that letter had made an indelible impression on her mind, and it was not without great agitation she perused the following contents:

TO THE HONORABLE MISS MAYBANK.

Deign, madam, to pardon a second intrusion, which, had not the change of circumstances given a new, and perhaps, a too flattering colour to my fate, I never would have presumed to have troubled you with. The letter I had the honor of receiving from
you,

you, charming Miss Maybank! threw me into a fit of despair, at the same time I adored the rectitude of those sentiments by which I was condemned to suffer. My respect was too great to permit me to infringe your commands; I mourned in secret, but I avoided her presence, whose idea, never, for one moment, was absent from my mind. Judge then what were my emotions, when I heard that Lord Summers had been rejected, when that marriage, which I hourly dreaded to hear was completed, was broken off. I pitied Lord Summers, alas! my own wretched situation taught me to be generous and compassionate. Yet so selfish is the human heart, his disappointment gave rise to hopes, perhaps to be as severely punished! I feel myself unequal to the task of expressing my sentiments, and the more I reflect on the charming Miss Maybank, the more I am sensible of my presumption in requesting her permission to be accepted as a candidate for her favor. The flattering declaration of your esteem has been a cordial under
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the most afflictive depression of spirits, let me not suffer in that ever valued testimony your compassion bestowed, if I solicit permission to renew my visits on your return to England, or if that desirable event should be protracted to any length of time, that I may be allowed the liberty of sometimes conveying to you, by my pen, those sentiments of admiration, respect and affection, with which I am, madam, your truly devoted and obedient servant,

CHARLES FRANKLY.

Although Miss Maybank had naturally expected she should hear from Sir Charles Frankly, yet this letter occasioned her some painful emotions, at the time she so freely owned her esteem for his character, she did not suppose any circumstances could arise which would authorise him to make a plea of it in his favor; she felt, therefore, rather confused at the recollection of expressions which he had evidently construed in his favor; she remembered, in a former letter,

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he had not presumed to request an answer, she now gladly laid hold of that circumstance to avoid replying to his letter, and left him at liberty to interpret her silence as he pleased. The ladies mutually communicated their intelligence, with which neither was perfectly satisfied, though not able to account for being otherwise.

In a very few days Miss Maybank settled every thing with Mrs. Nelson to her satisfaction—there was a small estate, about twenty miles distant from the castle, on which was a farm house, and thither it was resolved she should retire for a few months, 'till she was brought to bed, and then place the child, if it lived, with some good and careful nurse, for two or three years till fit to be sent to a school, whilst she was to return to the castle and superintend it; for the old steward allowed she was careful and a good manager: the servants were discharged, all but the old cook; and a new house-maid was to be hired in her absence who could know nothing of her affairs.

fairs. She submitted to every regulation with great humility, except returning to the castle; she said, in the place she was going to, she might pass for a widow, and as Miss Maybank made her such a handsome allowance, she could hire a person to look after the child and reside there with it, and not return where her situation would draw on her both censure and envy. Miss Maybank allowed the justness of her objections; preparations were made for her departure, and within a fortnight after the ladies arrived, she and her father left the castle, and went to reside at the farm, where they were entire strangers, and received with much kindness and attention. The lawyer finding all his schemes defeated, left that part of the country and went to Edinburgh, where, in a populous city, he might get employ, without his character being detected. The ladies had now resided near a month at the castle, and having disposed of every thing to their wishes, began to think of returning to England, which was fixed upon for the following week.

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C H A P. XXXI.

PLEASURE, HOW SOON FOLLOWED BY PAIN.

ABOUT three days before their intended journey, Miss Maybank was agreeably surprised by a letter from Lady Godfrey, which was dated from Bath, "Where she said her whole family had been for a fortnight past," "the *shadow* of Sir Charles Frankly, said she, is *with us*, but the heart has travelled to the north and rests with a certain fair one, who, I hope, will know the value of the treasure she retains, and soon return with it to England." I have also another piece of news, added she, and that

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is, all the Summers' family are here, and his lordship, little suspecting his quondam acquaintance, Sir Charles, was ever his rival, has taken a wonderful fancy to him; and what's more, my sister Charlotte is very high in his good graces: when first we exchanged visits, the conversation always turned on a cruel, charming, obdurate, delightful female, who had deprived him of happiness *for ever*; my sister, good girl! bestowed pity, and pity, you know, is a kin to a still more tender passion, he began to single her out to hear his complaints, these insensibly subsided, he is grown more cheerful, nay, even last night ventured to dance, I begin to have hopes his heart and spirits may return together. Mrs. Minors is in high fashion and flirtation, my mother has ventured to join Lady Summers once in a little remonstrance, but it was so ill received that she determines to be silent in future. Our amiable friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hargrave, will join us next week, if there is any prevalence in example, if every virtue, dressed by the graces,

graces, and every amiable quality of the mind; adorned by sweetness of temper and the most pleasing vivacity, can raise emulation, and inspire a laudable desire of imitation, we may hope Mrs. Minors will, in Mrs. Hargrave, see how lovely is virtue when accompanied by the irresistible charms of good humour, and guarded by decorum and modesty! and now, though last, not least, in my estimation, is my dear Miss Gerrard, who, I must inform you, has certainly made a conquest of Lady Beaumont's worthy friend, Mr. Thornhill! what a desirable connexion! Mrs. Hargrave entrusted me with the secret, and as a proof of my fidelity, I communicate it to *you, there* let it rest for the present." Lady Godfrey concluded her letter with a few observations on the amusements at Bath, which contained nothing new or extraordinary.

This letter afforded Miss Maybank high gratification, few things could contribute more to her happiness than the idea of being

supplanted in the breast of Lord Summers by another lady; she had a great esteem for him, and most sincerely wished Miss Charlotte Raikson might gain an absolute power over his heart. The pleasure she received from this letter was to be very short-lived, the following day brought one from Mr. Thompson which threw Lady Beaumont into the most painful apprehensions.—He informed her ladyship, that it was with great reluctance he felt himself compelled to separate from Sir William, whose confidence he no longer enjoyed, and whose company he was seldom honored with: that conscious he could no longer fulfil her ladyship's wishes, he begged leave to decline receiving any further advantages from the generous provision she had made for him; at the same time assured her, that whilst he remained in Brussels, he should think it his duty to be serviceable to Sir William in every thing he might be permitted to interest himself.

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The contents of this letter alarmed Lady Beaumont exceedingly, she dreaded the impetuous disposition of her son, and was apprehensive he had either behaved improperly to Mr. Thompson, or formed such connections, as that gentleman could not approve, and consequently must be very unsafe for him. Ah! said she, how soon are all his good resolutions vanished! will nothing give him steadiness, and cure him of those libertine pursuits? ruined in his fortune, severely wounded in his mind, I saw his compunction and melancholy with pleasure, as the beginning of virtue, and with such a companion as Mr. Thompson, I concluded he would be confirmed in all his good purposes, and by advice, experience and imitation, acquire that sense of his misconduct, and stability in his future resolutions which must ensure *his* happiness and *mine*: but now all my hopes are blown into air, left to himself and the companions he has chosen, what evils may I not expect! Miss Maybank strove to console her aunt, and made light

of those apprehensions, which, nevertheless, she secretly thought, were but too well grounded. On the day appointed they left Lochbar-Castle, after settling every thing with the good old steward, who shed many tears on beholding his dear young mistress quit him, as he said, for ever.

CHAP. XXXII.

CONSEQUENCES MORE TO BE EXPECTED THAN
WONDERED AT.

WE left Sir William in the full career of what he called pleasure, and continually in a state little short of intoxication, with the companions of his riots; to think, or consider his situation could afford him no pleasure;

pleasure; he therefore endeavored to banish reflexion, and plunged, without remorse, into every folly his dissolute companions prepared for him. Unhappy young man! his former pursuits had irreparably injured his fortune, and reduced him to a comparative state of want, his mother's generosity precluded him from feeling the full extent of his weakness; but here, her interference could be of no service, too far distant, to apply either lenitives or rough measures, his passions were suffered to be uncontrouled, and his health grew visibly and daily impaired by his nocturnal revels, which his constitution had been 'till very lately entirely unaccustomed to. Lord Stormer, who met him sometimes, beheld, with real concern, his altered countenance; he one day saluted him, and entered into a little conversation, which the other evidently wished to decline, but his lordship, from a friendly zeal, was not easily shaken off. "I am very much mortified, Sir William, that you repulse all my advances, said he, be assured, not any

one of your new friends can be more interested in your welfare than myself; Mr. Worthy's family would rejoice to see you, and poor Thompson absolutely pines for an invitation; why then, will you slight all our overtures, and neglect those friends whose solicitude for your heart and happiness, surely claim some little attention from you."

"I am doubtless much obliged to the friends you mention, replied Sir William, but I wish to be perfectly at my ease, and not subject to any impertinent animadversions on my conduct." "You do us great injustice, returned the other, to suppose we would take so great a liberty uninvited. Try us, my old friend, let me have the pleasure of restoring you to your old acquaintance." "You are very kind, my lord, said the Baronet, coldly, I will pay my respects some day to Mr. Worthy, but at present I am engaged; as to the *secretary*, he knows where to find *me*, and I would by no means intrude on a man of business." And with these words, and a distant bow, he walked off. Poor man!

man! thought Lord Stormer, how very soon has vice become predominant, and how dearly will you pay for those fallacious pleasures you now enjoy!—Mr. Thompson, to whom he communicated this conversation, felt so much real uneasiness, that although he had determined never to call on him again uninvited, yet could not withstand the idea which obtruded itself on his mind; the man he loved and pitied, the son of a most excellent woman, whose happiness was dependent on his welfare, appeared to him on the brink of destruction; should pride and offended friendship then revolt against what he owed to Lady Beaumont and humanity? this question decided for him, and the next morning at an early hour, he called at Sir William's lodgings; he was informed he had not been home all night, and was turning sorrowfully from the door, when he met the Baronet and the Italian Count, in a state but little short of intoxication. “Ah, Sir William, said Thompson, advancing and taking his hand, I have just been to wait on you, and am

very fortunate in meeting you so apropos.”
“Have you then any particular business with me, sir, demanded the other, in a haughty tone, “No, my only business was to inform myself of your health, and complain of your neglecting your friends”—“I really cannot recollect any *such neglect*, answered the other, but doubtless I am much honored by a visit from the governor’s secretary.” This was said in a tone so sarcastic, as moved Mr. Thompson, though one of the mildest of men, especially as he saw a very malicious smile on the Count’s features. “I came to see you, Sir William, said he, with some spirit, with the most friendly intentions, but since I see my company and attention is so unfavorably received, I must content myself with my good wishes only, that you may never want the friendship you now despise, and find, in your new attachments, sufficient compensation for slighting those who are sincerely interested for your real happiness.” Turning to leave them, the Count caught hold of his sleeve; stay, sir, said he, haughtily,

I beg to know what you mean by those implications to "present attachments and new friends" you have now, and on former occasions, made use of? the present acquaintance of Sir William Beaumont are men of birth and honor, and are not to be put in any degree of comparison, with a Scotch doctor, a needy dependent, or a new made secretary." "Your reflections, sir, replied Mr. Thompson, are as illiberal as your character is despicable." How! scoundrel, cried the other, dare you reflect on the character of your superiors? take that, added he, giving him a violent blow, and learn to know your distance."

This insult being offered in the street, three or four persons immediately interposed, Sir William pulled the enraged Count into the house, and shut the door. Mr. Thompson, who was at first a little stunned, recovering, thanked the people round him, and walked home; but an affront of that atrocious nature, and given in public, could not be

be put up with, he, therefore, immediately wrote the Count a challenge, and appointed to meet him without the gates of the city early in the morning. He communicated his design to a servant, and ordered him to attend at a little distance to procure help, if necessary. He visited at Mr. Worthy's in the evening, and was happy to find the affair had not reached them. Captain Worthy and Colonel Sternheim were just arrived, and the family in a transport of joy. He went home, wrote a letter to Sir William, one to Lord Stormer, and another to Mr. Thornhill; having settled his little affairs and left a note for the minister, as soon as day appeared he went to the place appointed with his servant, who stood a-loof; the Count was already there, they agreed to fire their pistols, and if they were ineffectual, to measure swords. Mr. Thompson waved his right of firing first, and tossed up, the first shot fell to him, they repaired to their ground, and Mr. Thompson presented, in the same instant the Count broke ground, advanced

advanced a few paces and shot him in the side near the hip. Mr. Thompson fell and the other instantly made off. The servant, who heard the pistols and saw the Count at a distance hastening off, run to the place, and found his master, to all appearance, dead, two men, who had also heard the pistols, came running up, and assisted in conveying him to the minister's house, where a surgeon attended. The motion had brought him to his senses, though unable to speak; the surgeon extracted the ball, and gave hopes the wound was not dangerous in its present appearance. The minister, extremely irritated by the servant's account, sent off to secure the Count, but he was already gone, leaving Mr. Thompson's challenge in the hands of the Marquis, as a justification of himself. The duel was soon blazed thro' the city, and Lord Stormer and Mr. Worthy hastened to see their friend: they found him very ill, the surgeon had dressed the wound a second time, and began to have serious apprehensions of the consequence; he
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communicated his fears to the gentlemen, another surgeon was desired to attend, and he confirmed the judgment of the former. Mr. Thompson had now recovered his speech, though but very faintly, and the surgeons recommended quiet and composure; he remained with him all night, and in the morning, on examining the wound, found all his fears realized: his patient, who observed his countenance, said, "I believe, sir, you think me in danger, pray be candid, I have no unmanly fears, nor any dread of death, do not, therefore, keep me in suspense." The surgeon hesitated, but being again urged to speak, acknowledged that he was fearful of the event. His patient heard him with composure, and after a little pause, said, he wished a messenger could be sent for Sir William Beaumont, which was accordingly ordered. His friends now came in and heard with inexpressible concern, that all hopes were given up. Lord Stormer was particularly affected; Mr. Thompson saw his emotion, and pressing his hand, which
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was extended towards him; "do not feel concern for me, I resign life without a pang, I have suffered many disappointments, among others a hopeless love for an amiable object, whose name has never passed my lips; I leave no wife, no mother or sisters to feel my loss, a poor obscure individual, honored indeed by the friendship of some worthy persons, but no loss to society or the world. He spoke evidently in pain, and his lordship entreated him to be composed. In a short time after the door opened and Sir William Beaumont appeared, pale, haggard and much agitated, he advanced to the bed without taking any notice of those in the room, and throwing himself on one knee; O, Thompson! dear murdered friend! what have I done? what a wretch am I. Poor Thompson was much moved, "spare me, spare yourself this distress, cried he feebly, I sent for you to speak comfort to your mind, I know you will grieve, your heart is not corrupt, but your passions have subdued your better reason; "tell me not of comfort, (exclaimed the other,

other, wildly, I have murdered my best friend, and reason is restored too late! no, resumed Mr. Thompson, you are not to blame, this event might have happened if I had not met you, life had no charms for me; in Lord Stormer behold a true friend, a friend to your honor and happiness; trust me Sir William, when you come to this awful period, every vice, every folly will afford you bitter remorse, I have now no partial views to answer, I conjure you to forsake your vicious companions, to let the natural generosity of your heart incline you to those whose affection and experience will be exerted in your mother, O, Sir William, such a mother! so good, so affectionate! let me entreat you to consider *her* happiness and be assured on a death bed, the reflection of having done your duty, and restored peace and comfort to the author of your Being; *one* such reflection will give you more real delight than all those ruinous pleasures you now pursue to the forfeiture of every thing valuable on earth, self-approbation and the
esteem

esteem of your friends." Exhausted by his earnest exertions to speak, he lay almost motionless. Sir William clasped his hands, good Heaven, he expires! O Thompson! speak to me, or I shall go distracted—the poor man again tried to comfort him, "be composed, you have nothing to answer for, I forgive most sincerely the author of my death, 'tis in your power to make even death pleasant, *one* promise only—" name your request, said the other, with eagerness, and I here swear, most solemnly I swear to fulfil it." Remember, cried the dying man in an awful voice, "remember your oath. Return immediately to your mother, quit your libertine pursuits, nor ever more make friendships with the vicious. Do this, and I shall die in peace." "You shall be obeyed, said the Baronet, almost choaked with his emotions, from this hour I abjure my follies; follies! how weak the expression, for vices which have destroyed the innocent; and murdered the most worthy of mankind! Lord Stormer, whose manly sensibility had
been

been deeply affected, and Mr. Worthy, who wept like a child, now drew near, and each taking a hand of Sir William, and one of poor Thompson's, joined them together in an emphatic silence more expressive than words. Adieu, my friends, cried he, love each other, may God bless you with happiness here, and everlasting felicity hereafter, where, I hope and trust, we shall meet again. He waved his hand for them to go, and all three hurried, speechless, out of the room to the adjoining dressing room, where they had not remained more than a quarter of an hour, before the surgeon came in and announced all was over! Sir William fell on the sofa senseless, nor were the others much less concerned; the minister, who just then came in, joined in the general grief: Sir William being restored, Mr. Worthy took him to his own house, he made no objection to entering the carriage, nor on alighting appeared conscious where he was conducted to, Mr. Worthy, took him to his library, ordered a bed to be made for him, and a physician

physician to attend him; on his arrival he pronounced him in a high fever, he was put to bed, and for several days was in the greatest danger, but the seventh day the disorder yielded to medicine and he was pronounced out of danger. In the mean time Mr. Worthy had seen the last duties paid to poor Thompson, and had written Mr. Thornhill of this melancholy event, and also that Sir William would, in all probability, soon return to England, without mentioning the share he had in this unfortunate affair.

The joy which had pervaded in Mr. Worthy's house on the arrival of Captain Worthy and Colonel Sternheim, had received a considerable check by the death of Mr. Thompson, who was much esteemed by the ladies: however, after he had been interred, and Sir William was on the recovery, tranquillity was again restored, though mirth was banished, and the gentlemen began to look forward with some impatience to the completion of their wishes. Sir William, on

his return to reason, was sensibly affected by the kindness of Mr. Worthy, but unable to bear company, he entreated to be removed to his own lodgings. Mr. Worthy having, on enquiry, found the Marquis Marescotti had followed the Count, and being urged by the Baronet to consent to his removal, he complied, conditionally that he should admit him and Lord Stormer to their former intimacy, and as soon as he could go abroad, should consider Mr. Worthy's house as his home. He complied with these obliging demands with the utmost gratitude and warmest expressions, for his uncommon favors, and was that day the twelfth of his illness, conveyed to his former residence. His good friends visited him daily and were concerned to observe his recovery was very slow, and that a nervous disorder preyed on his constitution, they endeavored to draw him out, but to no purpose, he resisted all their entreaties and only wished for a little strength to return to England. One day when Lord Stormer was alone with him, he asked him
when

when he was to be married? I hope soon, replied his lordship, but we wish to have all our friends well, that nothing may cloud our felicity. “If you mean me, said Sir William, believe me, there is no event now would give me equal happiness as to know you were united to the charming Miss Worthy, let me at least see *you* happy, that my follies may not destroy all my friends. As to her sister, I could, I believe, have loved her with a sincere affection, but perhaps she never might have esteemed me, and doubtless is much happier as it is. I feel no uneasiness at the thoughts of her marriage, and I conjure you, my dear friend, to hasten your mutual happiness, indeed I am capable of rejoicing at it.” Lord Stormer was delighted to hear him talk so composedly, and expressing the pleasure he really felt, “Yes, said Sir William, you see me an altered man, what a wretch must I be if the dreadful consequences of my vices had not a proper effect on my mind: the poor Miss Rivers, added he, sighing, I broke *her* heart,

I

I wounded my mother's peace! I dissipated my fortune, and now I have murdered a worthy man who loved me, and who has fallen a victim to my ingratitude and insolence—have I not enough, cried he, looking earnestly, have I not sufficient cause to be miserable for the rest of my days? “You have cause for regret, no doubt, replied his lordship, but you should endeavor to atone for those errors, by an active exertion of virtue, of friendship, humanity and generosity, not by an indolent repentance which benefits no one; let your former cheerfulness return, and be as eager to do good as you have been to do evil—you know how great have been my follies, nothing short of ruin could have brought me to a sense of them, and when I left England my virtue was but half confirmed—my reception in the Worthy family gave me a new soul, I there saw the practice of every virtue was attended with delight and happiness, and from them I learned what true pleasure was, pleasure which communicated itself to all who was connected with you,

you, and which enjoyed on reflexion self-approbation. Come then, my good friend, awake from your melancholy, regret past events as a man desirous to atone for them, and in the bosom of friendship find that peace which evil company and counsels has hitherto deprived you of"—Sir William was affected even to tears by the kindness of Lord Stor-mer, and promised if he could get strength he would soon be a constant visitor to Mr. Worthy's till he was enabled to set out for England.

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CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIII.

A FAMILY HAPPY WHEN UNITED WITHIN
THEMSELVES.

LORD Stormer and Colonel Sternheim were now very importunate with Mr. Worthy to fix their happiness, and that gentleman having settled every thing respecting fortune beyond the expectation of his intended sons, a day in the middle of the next week was appointed for the ceremony, Sir William was invited, but he still continued poorly, nor would he, he said, throw a cloud over their happy day by his low spirits; he therefore begged to be excused; and when the time arrived sent his best wishes and promised

mised a speedy visit. Lord Stormer and the
 Colonel received their charming brides from
 the hands of their father. To your care,
 said he, I commit my treasures, their happi-
 ness and mine, must depend on you, I hope
 to go to my grave in peace and in confidence
 that with you I leave my children happy:
 and you, my dear girls, never forget the
 example of your mother, and may your
 husbands exult, as I do at this instant, that
 in a wife I have found a friend, a lively sensi-
 ble companion, to whose goodness I am
 indebted, and to whose virtues I owe every
 good quality I possess. Happy pair! who
 could look back without self-reproach, and
 in the autumn of life view their children, en-
 dowed with every estimable quality which
 promised a certainty of future happiness!
 Lord Stormer, who, at that moment felt a
 sting; could not suppress his feelings, I am
 conscious, sir, said he, that I have much to
 unlearn, and more to learn, before I can
 deserve the blessing you have bestowed, but
 neither precept nor example shall be lost on

me, to incite me to the observance of those virtues which I am now convinced can alone procure real happiness. Mr. Worthy embraced him and the worthy Sternheim, and never, perhaps, was a picture of more true felicity then was exhibited that day at his table.

Lord Stormer had now been married above a week, Captain Worthy, who had been introduced to Sir William, often accompanied his friend and brother in his visits to him, and was equally sorry to observe an increasing languor, and no return of either health or spirits; he was sensible of it himself, and on this day, when they paid their usual visit, told them, he thought he had strength enough now to bear a journey to England, but if I stay another week I know not how it may be, the air and exercise may do me good, and I think to set off within two days; but to do that I must avail myself of Mr. Worthy's proffered friendship, and beg him to settle all my pecuniary demands here, which,

which, I am ashamed to say, are pretty large; I will draw on my mother for the amount, and whether I live, or die, I know she will punctually discharge them. Captain Worthy assured him his father would rejoice to make him easy in that respect, and a thought occurred to him then, which he was impatient to consult his friends on; they took leave, promising to return in the evening. On their return to Mr. Worthy's, his son, after acquainting him with the Baronet's request, added, I think Sir William in a very unfit state to go alone, accompanied only with servants; I have a very great desire to visit England, and having six month's leave of absence, should be happy to go with him, if you and my mother have no objection, sir. None at all, my son, I wish you to see England, you cannot have a better opportunity, my two sons will remain with me 'till your return, and you will ease my mind of a good deal of anxiety I should otherwise feel on account of Sir William, whose bad state of

health renders it highly improper he should travel without a companion.

Captain Worthy received the approbation of all his friends, and eager to communicate news, he hoped would give pleasure, he returned to Sir William, and after assuring him of his father's readiness to comply with his request, added, "I have now a favor to request of you, Sir William, name it sir, returned he, and be assured it will give me pleasure if I can oblige you." "Will you then take me in your suite to England?" "Is it possible, cried Sir William, you have any such intention?" "I have, resumed the other, and shall be very happy if you will allow me to accompany you, as I have a most fervent desire to see England." Good God! said Sir William, with emotion, what a family is yours! "I can see through your benevolent purpose, this wish of yours, I dare say, would have lain dormant, but for the weak state you see I am in, which induced you to offer me the pleasure of your company;

pany; but I reverence your motive, and with the highest satisfaction, accept your offer; your time shall be mine, to-morrow, or a fortnight hence shall make no difference." "You do me both honor and pleasure, returned Captain Worthy, but I think, the sooner we set off the better, two days notice will answer my purpose as well as two months, therefore, if you please, the third day from this we will take our leave of Brussels." Sir William readily acquiesced, and was really much pleased with the offer of the young captain's company, the day preceding their intended journey, Mr. Worthy earnestly pressed Sir William to spend with them, he could not well decline it, as common politeness required he should take leave of the ladies. Lord Stormer came in a carriage to conduct him, but when he entered the house, the idea of Mr. Thompson struck so forcibly on his mind that it was with difficulty he preserved himself from fainting, he *felt* an additional pang on beholding Mr. Sternheim, but endeavoring to recover him-

self, he congratulated the ladies with tolerable composure. They were inexpressibly shocked at seeing him, great indeed was the alteration in his person, pale, emaciated, his eyes hollow and without the least expression, he looked the picture of sorrow and despair; in vain they exerted every effort to amuse him, a languid smile evidently forced, shewed too plainly, a mind ill at ease. He took leave at an early hour, and tears on both sides seemed to imply a fear they never should meet again.—

The next morning the gentlemen all attended Captain Worthy to Sir William's apartment, and after a dull breakfast, and the painful ceremony of taking leave, the two gentlemen, attended only by two servants, left Brussels to proceed by easy journeys on their way to England.—

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE AND EXPECTATION.

Lady Beaumont arrived in London with her niece after a very pleasant journey, they staid only one night in Town and went next morning to Richmond; Miss Maybank wrote to her Bath friends, and her ladyship to the Stanleys and Warners, whom she hoped soon to see near her; she began to be very impatient for another letter from her son and Mr. Thompson, having wrote the first a word of good advice, which having received in the full career of pleasure he had taken no notice of; and Mr. Thompson she most earnestly requested not to leave Sir William 'till his return to England; but this letter arrived after he was settled with the governor, and he had wrote Mr. Thornhill the whole transactions which had passed at Brussels, previous to quitting Sir William. Miss Maybank began now to indulge the most delightful ideas, she was esteemed by the only man she had ever beheld with a preference,

rence, there was no obstacle to their union, and she had reason to hope that event would not give pain to Lord Summers, for she secretly determined at the time her engagement with him was broken off, never to unite herself with any man until his lordship should get the better of that strong prepossession in her favor which caused him so much uneasiness; a delicacy and gratitude she thought it strictly incumbent on her to observe.

They had now been about a week at Richmond, when one day about noon, she saw two carriages, with servants, driving very fast up to the gate, and soon after was informed Lady Godfrey, Mrs. Hargrave, and some other company were in the drawing-room; she felt very much agitated, and the flutterings of her heart whispered to her that in all probability Sir Charles Frankly was one of that company; she hastened down, however, and was received by her good friends with the warmest marks of affection;

Sir

Sir James and Lady Godfrey, Mr. and Mrs. Hargrave, Mr. Thornhill, and though last introduced, *not the least* welcome, Sir Charles Frankly—"You see your attractions, my dear ladies, said Mrs. Hargrave, we no sooner heard of your arrival than we quitted our social party, and gave up the gaieties of Bath to enjoy the happiness of welcoming your return to England in person." "Indeed returned Lady Beaumont we are infinitely obliged to you for such a sacrifice,"—"not in the least, cried Lady Godfrey, for I promise you, I consult my own satisfaction so much, that had I not been persuaded the pleasure I now enjoy must afford me a thousand times more delight than all the boasted amusements of Bath, I should certainly have remained there." "You have a peculiar way, my dear Lady Godfrey, said Miss Maybank, of saying the most obliging things in the world." "Well, a truce to compliments, said Sir James, I hope 'tis pretty plain, we are all extremely glad to see each other; Sir Charles Frankly, indeed, we

pressed into our party, and must solicit a welcome for him on the score of *our* friendship only"—he looked so arch as he pronounced those words, that both Miss Maybank and Sir Charles were evidently confused; which observing, he turned the notice of the company to another subject, and gave them time to rally their spirits. Lady Godfrey told them she had left her mother, sister, and Miss Gerrard in high intimacy with the Summers family; apropos, said she, "I know not whether you will forgive my sister, Miss Maybank, but she has most certainly rivaled you in the heart of Lord Summers, the artful gipsy gained her conquest by compassion, and lending an attentive ear to the complaints of a discarded lover, and now believe me his admiration has found another object to demand it: "Miss Charlotte Raikson is so sweetly complaisant, so much sensibility, so *much* good sense, and so *very* charming in her person, that 'tis impossible any man can long preserve his heart, who is honored with her friendship!" This has all been said to my

my mother, his spirits are wonderfully restored, and allowing for the small drawback of a few years, he really eclipses most of the young beaus at Bath." "You give me very great pleasure by this information, said Miss Maybank, I have the most perfect esteem for Lord Summers, and earnestly hope a union may take place between two persons so formed to make each other happy." You are very generous, returned Mr. Hargrave, few young ladies, though they reject a lover, chuse to lose their power, or be supplanted by another lady." Come, said Lady Godfrey, shew us your garden, I wish for a walk before dinner, for we intend all of us to take our mutton with you. "I hope so, replied Lady Beaumont, and we can accommodate you for the night also, our cottage is larger than you suppose, therefore you are fixed here for the present." Mr. Thornhill and Mrs. Hargrave remained with Lady Beaumont, whilst the others walked into the garden. I wished to speak to your ladyship, said the former, on two interesting subjects ;
in

in the first place I am commissioned by Sir Charles Frankly to request your permission to pay his addressee to Miss Maybank, I have made a thorough investigation into his character, and find it in every respect unexceptionable, nay, highly estimable; his estate is large and entirely free from any incumbrances; his disposition appears to me truly amiable, and if the young lady is entirely free from any predilection in favor of another, I know not where she has a greater chance for happiness than with Sir Charles Frankly, if he meets your ladyship's approbation." "Your good opinion of him, Mr. Thornhill, must stamp a value on his character, and from the very little I have seen of him, if I may be allowed to judge, I think him a very deserving man; he has my entire approbation therefore to address my niece: she is a very good young woman, and I am sure will make a worthy man happy."—"I shall then rejoice his heart with your permission: and now, my dear madam, I have a letter to communicate, which I fear will

give

give some pain, but to withhold such intelligence as must materially affect you, I think I have no right." He then delivered Mr. Thompson's last letter, written after his separation from Sir William; Lady Beaumont hastily run over the letter, and before she had finished reading it, burst into tears, O, Mr. Thornhill, cried she, what will be the event of this separation? I tremble at the consequences, left to himself and to the artifices of such profligates as are here described, what have I to expect but his entire ruin? "I feel very much, answered he, for your situation, madam, and wish it was possible to relieve your anxiety, but all our hopes must depend on Mr. Thompson and Lord Stormer, they will not absolutely give him up, you may assure yourself." Ah! cried she, small is the comfort that hope can afford me, I know his haughty impetuous disposition too well, to believe, if the vexatious circumstances he met with before he went abroad, the death of that poor girl, and the example now before him in the reformation

formation of Lord Stormer, once an old associate; if all these things have had no effect on his conduct, and he is again given up to dissipated companions, and neglects those friends who only could be of real service either to his honor or happiness; tell me, dear Mr. Thornhill, where is my hope? or rather judge what cause I have to despair! Mrs. Hargrave and Mr. Thornhill exerted themselves to inspire Lady Beaumont with better hopes, though in truth they had none themselves, and after some consultation it was agreed upon, as the only probable method of drawing him home, for Lady Beaumont to write, requesting his return on account of her ill state of health, and Mr. Thornhill to write and corroborate this circumstance; surely, said she, if any deceit can be pardonable, this may be deemed so, to snatch a beloved son from ruin.

The ladies were now returned from the garden, and altho' Lady Beaumont endeavored to assume a cheerfulness very foreign to her heart,

heart, Miss Maybank saw the traces of uneasiness too legibly written on her features, she was alarmed for the cause, though she did not presume to ask.—Upon the whole they spent a very pleasant day, her ladyship insisted on their remaining that night, as they proposed returning to Bath in two or three days, and very much pressed Lady Beaumont and Miss Maybank to be of the party, but they resisted all entreaties, as they wished for a little quiet after their long journeys.

The next morning, previous to their going to Town, Sir Charles Frankly requested an audience of Lady Beaumont, and after some consultation, she sent to desire Miss Maybank's presence; she, who guessed the business, complied with hesitation and confusion, and when she entered the room felt more embarrassed than ever she had been in her life, Sir Charles, on her entrance, led her to her chair with little less emotion than her own; "My dear niece, said Lady Beaumont,

mont, Sir Charles Frankly has done me the honor to request my permission to pay his addressee to you, I cannot possibly have any objection, but it is you must decide on the subject, I will not even recommend, but have that perfect reliance on your good sense, and the rectitude of your principles, that I am sure Sir Charles ought to be satisfied, whatever may be your determination;" her ladyship then rose and left the room. "I fear, madam, I shall forfeit the good opinion of Lady Beaumont when I confess I cannot feel so perfectly resigned as she may expect. From the first day I had the honor of knowing Miss Maybank I felt she was arbitress of my destiny, and that on her approbation depended my future happiness; to describe what I felt on the disappointment of my hopes is impossible—an unexpected event prevented those ill effects from it which otherwise too probably would have taken place—but, perhaps, my doom is only delayed, and not remitted; I know myself unworthy your acceptance, and after

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Lord Summers has suffered a rejection, my presumption in offering myself deserves the punishment I dread. You, charming Miss Maybank, are above observing those common modes of trifling with a faithful heart, be assured my deficiency in merit I will study to obviate by an everlasting respect and affection, but *if* I am to be miserable, *if* you cannot accept a heart entirely devoted to you, speak madam, and I am gone for ever, never will I presume to trouble you with the complaints of a rejected man."

Miss Maybank was in the utmost confusion when Sir Charles first addressed her, but this tolerable long speech enabled her to recover herself, and after a little hesitation, she replied, "your good opinion of me, sir, does me the highest honor, the approbation of my friends is in your favor, and I should little deserve the judgment they partially attribute to me, if I declined the visits of Sir Charles Frankly." "You have now, madam, said he, advancing and kissing her hand,

hand, rendered life valuable to me, since I have permission to dedicate it to you. Be assured, dearest Miss Maybank, of my everlasting gratitude." His emotion was so great he could say no more, and she rose at the same instant, saying, "let us join our common friends." Those two words of 'us' and "our" restored him to transport, but again kissing her hand, he only said, "her commands should be obeyed." They returned to the drawing room and the company were delighted to observe, by their looks, that they were perfectly pleased with each other. After dinner those amiable families prepared to separate, Sir James, Lady Godfrey, and Mr. and Mrs. Hargrave intended going to Bath in two days, Mr. Thornhill and Sir Charles Frankly remained in Town, the latter asked, and obtained permission to be a constant visitor. When they were departed Lady Beaumont informed Miss Maybank of the disagreeable information she had received from Mr. Thornhill, and the dread and anxiety she felt for the next letters which
should

should arrive. O, my dear Louisa, said she, if ever you live to be a mother be warned by my example to watch over the early propensities of your children, and not suffer their juvenile follies to grow into habits; from a mistaken fondness, and an ill judged lenity, I never would suffer William to receive correction for those faults which I hoped a maturer age would correct; alas! great has been my errors, and severe is my punishment, I impute every vice, every folly of his to my improper indulgence, and shall, to the end of my existence lament I had not sent him to a public school, or have procured him a proper tutor, well read in the knowledge of mankind, and who might have had an uncontroled power over him, and informed his judgment as well as have instructed him in languages! Miss Maybank could afford but little consolation, she dreaded the arrival of the next packet, and most sincerely partook of her aunt's uneasiness. Things remained in this state about ten days, Sir Charles Frankly was almost a daily

daily visitant, and had no reason to complain of his reception; when one morning he came down accompanied by Mr. Thornhill, the moment he entered the parlour, Miss Maybank felt inconceivable terror from his looks, Lady Beaumont was not there, "good Heaven! sir, cried she, what news do you bring? Mr. Thornhill took out a letter, retire dear Miss Maybank and peruse that, then tell me how I must act, for I will say nothing without your direction." She hastily ran up stairs and found it was a letter from Lord Stormer, with an account of the fatal duel, Mr. Thompson's death, and Sir William's illness. Great was the shock she received, and dreadful her apprehensions, but she quickly determined Lady Beaumont should remain ignorant of this new and heavy misfortune 'till the arrival of the next letters, which his lordship promised to forward the first change of any kind that took place; she tried to compose the agitation of her spirits, and returned to the room, her aunt was not yet come down, she mentioned her wish
that

that the contents of this letter might not be communicated, and that she judged it most proper Lady Beaumont should not be tortured with suspense concerning an event which Providence would soon decide, and then, added she, "a dreadful certainty will be misery enough to such a mind as hers." The gentlemen acquiesced in her opinion, but Mr. Thornhill pathetically lamented the death of the worthy Thompson, and particularly accompanied with such circumstances.

Lady Beaumont now entered the room, and every one tried to assume a disengaged air and cheerful looks; in the course of conversation she expressed her anxiety to Mr. Thornhill for her next account from Brussels, and hoped, if he heard from Mr. Thompson he would make no secret of the contents whatever they might be; he assured her he would not. Then to change the conversation he mentioned Mrs. Minors, I fear, said he, she will not long reside with Lady Summers, their connexion seems already dis-

pleasing to both parties; Lord Delmot has renewed his intimacy, and though much against her ladyship's inclinations, he forces himself into all their parties. Lady Beaumont, with a sigh, lamented the force of bad habits and idle propensities so difficult to shake off. The common modes of education, said she, in boarding schools for females is strangely conducted, they are taught indiscriminately, and without consulting either talents or inclination, *every thing*; the consequence is, they learn nothing perfectly: and as to their morals, they are entirely neglected; Miss is told she must hold up her head, behave like a lady, and never say naughty words, but as to truth, sincerity, a reciprocal love and affection to her companion; a strict observance of her religious duties, and that propriety of conduct which results more from the heart than the head; these are too generally neglected, and hence it is that, like Mrs. Minors, young girls return from schools, ignorant of every thing which is to decide their future happiness

or

or misery, with only a few superficial accomplishments they are launched into a world of frivolity and temptation, without principles or steadiness sufficient to guide their judgment, or repel the deceitful delusions of vanity and folly. But I ask your pardon gentlemen, said she, smiling, you did not come here to hear a declamation on female education, though perhaps as husbands and fathers you may hereafter be intimately concerned in it. There are too many melancholy instances of the truth and justice of your observations, returned Mr. Thornhill, and surely too much care cannot be taken in placing young people abroad for education, as on their early habits and youthful prejudices, the happiness of society must chiefly depend.

Lady Beaumont proposing a walk in the garden, the conversation took a more general turn, and Sir Charles had the happiness of entertaining Miss Maybank a few minutes alone, of which, no doubt, he made the best advantage. In the evening the gentle-

men returned to Town, and nothing material took place for several days, but a letter from Lady Godfrey from Bath, in which she informed her friend, " Lord Summers had offered himself to her sister, and was accepted; that he even expressed a degree of pleasure at hearing Sir Charles Frankly was *permitted to hope*, having a very high esteem for that gentleman; she added, that an event of much consequence to Mrs. Hargrave and herself would bring them early to Town, to make preparations for a situation they could no longer conceal, and likewise as she hoped, to celebrate the wedding of her sister, and that of her amiable friend."

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CHAP. XXXIV.

A PARENT'S HOPES ANNIHILATED.

ONE morning as Lady Beaumont and her niece were seated at breakfast, Mr. Thornhill was announced, the ladies eagerly examined his looks as he entered, the expression of his countenance alarmed Lady Beaumont, she started, my dear Mr. Thornhill tell me, have you letters from Brussels? demanded she, "I have, madam, replied he, do not hurry yourself, you will very soon embrace Sir William." "Is it possible?" she cried in a transport of joy, is he really on his return? "He will certainly be here

in a day or two; I have a letter from Lord Stormer, wherein he tells me Sir William, and Captain Worthy, the son of that Worthy who has shewn him so many civilities, left Brussels the preceding day on their way to England. But good God! said she, why did he not write to *me*; and Mr. Thompson, what, does *he* remain *there*? "yes, madam, answered Mr. Thornhill, with an emotion he could not suppress, he is fixed at Brussels. Lady Beaumont looked earnestly at him, "you conceal something from me, Mr. Thornhill, your looks tell me I have some unpleasant intelligence to hear, do not kill me with suspense, tell me, I beseech you, at once, if any evil has befallen my son." I do not wish to deceive you, madam, Lord Stormer writes me, the health of Sir William is very much impaired, desires I will prepare you for a great alteration in his person, which a violent illness has occasioned, but which he hopes his native air may restore: at the same time, added he, seeing her turn pale and very much agitated, he desires to
congratulate

congratulate you on an entire reformation in his conduct and principles, which this illness has brought about. Ah! said she, shedding tears, small are my hopes as to that reformation, but his health! alas I do not wonder *that* is injured; grant Heaven, added she, earnestly, that he may live to be sensible of his follies, and enjoy that happiness which results from a sincere repentance, it shall be my care and unremitting study to watch over his constitution, and I hope, restore him to comfort my decline of life. "But tell me, my good friend, in what situation does the worthy Thompson remain? Mr. Thornhill was staggered at the question, he changed colour and hesitated, at last he said, when Mr. Thompson found himself no longer useful to Sir William, his friend, Mr. Worthy, got him appointed secretary to the British minister. Indeed! returned she, I am extremely happy to hear his going abroad with my son has turned out so beneficial to him; but though he has given up the annuity, he shall find I will be more

grateful to him than his ill-judging companion was. It was with difficulty Mr. Thornhill could suppress his emotions; he observed, Captain Worthy's coming to England with Sir William was a very fortunate circumstance, as being but in indifferent health, it was very unfit he should have travelled alone; he entered into a detail of Lord Stormer's marriage, and they all expressed much satisfaction in the prospect of happiness before him. Mr. Thornhill, in the evening returned to Town, and left the ladies much engaged in ordering preparations for the reception of Sir William and his friend: Lady Beaumont very naturally felt a thousand anxieties respecting her son, and his return so suddenly determined upon, and which she judged must be owing to the advice of his physicians, filled her with a thousand apprehensions.

Four days passed in anxious expectation; on the fifth, about noon a travelling equipage drove up to the gate, and the servants
livery

livery was immediately known for Sir William's; her ladyship's emotions were so great she could not rise from her chair, Miss Maybank flew into the hall, but involuntarily retreated when she beheld the pale emaciated figure of Sir William, supported by Captain Worthy and his servant, and rather carried than walking, she uttered an exclamation, but recovering herself, opened the dining parlour, and conducted them in there: he was placed in an arm chair and his servant gave him a cordial he had with him, and which seemed to revive him. Miss Maybank welcomed both gentlemen and apologized for her first surprise, but I see, said she, fatigue exhausted your spirits, my dear Sir William, and you are already getting better. We are truly sensible of the kindness of Captain Worthy, in honoring us with his company. Lady Beaumont, who had recovered her first shock, now entered the room, but what were her feelings when she beheld her son reclined in the chair without the least appearance of animation! Great God! she exclaimed,

what a return is this, O, my dear William! unable to say more, she flung herself on his neck and wept aloud. Captain Worthy withdrew to the window, the poor sick man, his spirits a little recovered, kissed his mother's cheek, "do not distress yourself, my dear madam, I am not so ill as I appear to be, only I obliged Capt. Worthy to hurry for the two or three last stages, and was at first overcome with fatigue, I am already better, indeed I am." Lady Beaumont, on this speech, endeavored to recollect herself, and turning to Captain Worthy, who advanced towards her; "pardon me, sir, said she, if concern for my son, made me inattentive to the obligations I owe you, believe me, I feel your kindness, and hope you will accept my best thanks for the honor of your company here, particularly as your humanity alone could induce you to confer this favor at such a time." Captain Worthy made a very polite answer; and Sir William soon recovered sufficiently to be removed up stairs in the drawing room, and placed on a sofa—
having

having taken some refreshments; Lady Beaumont again expressed her obligations to Captain Worthy and his family, and rejoiced in the happiness of Lord Stormer and his lady; then turning to her son, how did you leave your old friend Mr. Thompson, I was extremely glad to hear of his good fortune, and I hope you parted on amicable terms? On the first mention of Thompson, Sir William started with surprise, but when his mother mentioned his *good fortune*, his emotions and a croud of painful images overcame him, and uttering a deep sigh, he fainted away.

Captain Worthy, who was attentive to his motions, caught him in his arms and preserved him from falling, Lady Beaumont, terrified beyond expression, was in little better condition, but the house-keeper attending, with the assistance of Miss Maybank and the captain, he was recovered, and it was judged most proper to have him conveyed to bed, which was soon done, his

poor mother attending under an affliction more easily conceived than described. Miss Maybank and Captain Worthy remaining in the drawing room, she could not restrain her tears, my poor aunt, said she, what a severe shock has she to sustain! for I fear Sir William is past all hopes of recovery. Before the captain could reply, Mr. Thornhill and Sir Charles Frankly were announced, she introduced the gentlemen to each other, and then, describing the situation of Sir William and the preceding scene, she said, it is very plain my poor cousin cannot support the idea of Mr. Thompson, I think, therefore, I had better acquaint my aunt of that gentleman's death, but leave her to suppose it a natural event, occasioned by a fever, and that her son's grief, rendered it necessary his name should never be mentioned in his presence." The gentlemen all coincided, in the same opinion; Miss Maybank left them to see how her aunt was, and whom she found sitting by her son, who, too weak and languid to hold the least conversation, had dropped

dropped asleep, she entreated Lady Beaumont to leave the room to the house-keeper, but she refused to quit it, "I have sent for a physician and an experienced nurse, 'till they come, I must remain here, apologize for me, added she to Captain Worthy, and exert yourself to entertain him; I am endeavoring to reconcile myself to the dreadful judgment I expect to hear when the physician arrives; he is fallen into a composed sleep for the present, nor, would I have him disturbed for the world; go then, my dear Louisa, try to entertain our respectable guest."

Miss Maybank returned to the company; Sir Charles Frankly, with the most friendly politeness, requested Captain Worthy would do him the honor to become his guest, 'till an alteration in Sir William's health left the ladies more at liberty to pay him the attention he deserved; the captain expressed his sense of an offer so friendly, which, he said, he would make not the least difficulty in ac-

cepting, should the judgment of the physician prove unfavorable to their wishes." "I think, said Mr. Thornhill, the best method will be to remain at Richmond, suppose we get a lodging for us all, there will be no difficulty I believe, those two gentlemen may remain, I shall go to Town two or three times a week, or oftener if there is any occasion, and Miss Maybank will not be deprived of your company and assistance if wanted." This proposal met with the approbation of the gentlemen, but Miss Maybank said, she was sure her aunt would not consent to the removal of Captain Worthy; but if you, gentlemen, will have a lodging and endeavor to amuse Captain Worthy, we shall feel ourselves grateful for your politeness." The matter was thus settled, and Sir Charles Frankly, not a little delighted he had permission to be so near, and have so good an excuse for his frequent visits. The physician at length arrived, and Miss Maybank accompanied him to the patient's apartment, he was just awake, and taking a little jelly;

jelly; Lady Beaumont, when the doctor approached and felt his pulse, scarcely breathed, so great was her agitation, she examined his countenance, but from thence she could gain no information; after having wrote and given directions he retired; the poor lady motioned for her niece to follow and obtain his opinion—when he came into the drawing room Miss Maybank said, I almost fear to ask you, sir, what you think of Sir William's case. "It would answer no purpose to deceive you, madam, replied he, 'tis a broken constitution and a rapid decline, the fatigue of the journey has exhausted him, I think he will hardly survive three days." Good God! cried the young lady, clasping her hands, what will become of my poor aunt? how will she support a stroke so dreadful, and who shall prepare her for it? "I will, madam, returned the doctor, I am accustomed to such melancholy scenes, Lady Beaumont is a pious and a sensible woman, and however afflictive the decrees of Providence sometimes appear to us, we know, in this life

life we are born to suffer, and that 'tis our duty to be resigned. I shall remain with you, my good young lady, this night, such is the nature of his disorder, that, perhaps, he may not exist twenty-four hours." Poor Miss Maybank heard this judgment like a sentence of death, her concern for her aunt swallowed up her grief for the untimely fate of her cousin, and when she returned to his apartment, and requested Lady Beaumont to go down to the physician, she was more dead than alive. Her ladyship rose without speaking, and hastily left the room, Miss Maybank desired the house-keeper to follow, she remained with only the nurse. Sir William looked earnestly at her for some time, then feebly attempting to take her hand; "God bless you my dearest cousin, said he, comfort my mother, I do not deserve her tears, they wound my soul; yet I rejoice that I shall die with her; *you* will be her child, *you* will love and honor her. O Miss Maybank! he paused, unable to proceed for a minute, seeing her emotion, "do not weep, I repent
sincerely

sincerely of all my vices, ever since the death of poor Thompson I have repented, but was I to live, who knows what crimes I might again fall into; I am resigned to death: my poor mother, I feel only for her, protect and comfort her, oh merciful Father! may you, my dearest cousin, be happy." These last words were spoke with extreme difficulty, and he lay quite exhausted for some time. The house-keeper returned evidently much hurried, and desired Miss Maybank would go to her aunt.

The young lady rose, and, with trembling steps, went into the drawing room, where she found Lady Beaumont just recovered from a fainting fit, the physician was with her, the other gentlemen had withdrawn; O, Louisa! cried Lady Beaumont, pity a wretched mother, alas! how soon to lose that name; a violent burst of tears prevented words, though it in some measure relieved the oppression of her heart. Miss Maybank could only weep in silence, to speak comfort was
not

not in her power, and she knew consolation for irremediable evils must arise from reflexion, and submission to the decrees of Heaven; she respected the sorrow of her aunt without attempting to remove it. When Lady Beaumont recovered her speech, she said, let me return to his room, let him expire in my arms, that I may fulfil my duty in receiving his last breath. Gracious God, cried she, raising her eyes to Heaven, support me under his heavy affliction, let me not murmur at thy decrees, but let the widowed parent lose her last hold, her only tye on earth, without arraigning the justice of Providence! she arose and returned to his bedside, the physician accompanying her; he saw his patient was drawing on apace, indeed when he named three days to Miss Maybank it was meerly to prepare her, for he saw that he was very near his end, he had, by degrees, been more explicit with her aunt, and she now every moment expected the dreaded event. She took his hand, he attempted to put her's to his lips, but he had not strength. My dear

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dear mother! Heaven bless and comfort you! was all he could utter, and that with great difficulty; he soon after fell into a doze and lay till near seven in the morning very quiet; he then waked with two or three heavy sighs, Lady Beaumont was kneeling by his side, he looked at her, attempted to speak, his lips only moved, and in a few minutes with another sigh, he closed them for ever! Speechless and inanimate the poor lady was conveyed to her apartment, where we must throw a veil over her grief, sorrows like her's are not to be expressed by words, the widow and the childless parent *only* can conceive them!—

A week passed in the most melancholy state possible; for the first three days Lady Beaumont had been extremely ill, but the attentive kindness of her niece, and her pious resignation to the Almighty will, restrained the violence of her grief, and though she suffered inexpressible misery, she endeavored to support it like a christian. Mr.
 Thornhill,

Thornhill, her constant friend, attended and exerted himself in all the necessary orders, and when the funeral was over, and all her friends strove to divert her mind from dwelling too much on those melancholy ideas which naturally occurred, she tried to be grateful and disguise her feelings. The first sight of Captain Worthy gave her unutterable pangs, but after two or three interviews, she became more reconciled, and only lamented he had unfortunately been introduced to the house of mourning.

Sir William had been dead about three weeks, when one day she was most agreeably surprised by the arrival of Lady Stanley and Mrs. Warner, the meeting was a most affecting one, the ladies told her they came to spend a fortnight with her, and no visit surely was more fortunately timed; those old friends contributed more to restore her tranquillity, than any other kind of consolation could have done. Sir Charles Frankly took the opportunity of these ladies arrival, to tear himself,

himself, for a short time, from his beloved Miss Maybank, and accompany Captain Worthy to Town, where, as a stranger, he might partake of its various amusements; the captain, delighted with the polite and friendly attentions of Sir Charles, *gladly* accepted his invitation, and they took leave of Richmond for a short time, two days after Lady Stanley came. Mrs. Warner took Miss Maybank aside one morning, and mentioned a letter she had received about a fortnight before from Mrs. Harris, her young friend, at the Spa, I was fearful, said she, of communicating this letter before Lady Beaumont, as it must revive many unpleasant ideas, but I wish you to read it and you may inform her of the contents at a proper time. The letter Miss Maybank read, after some family matters, was as follows, “about three days ago we visited a family, to whom we were recommended, where we found a lady who had the traces of melancholy very visibly imprinted on her countenance, there was an elegance in her manners that spoke
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the well bred woman, but such a profound sadness, that although the lady paid her very particular attention, she scarce spoke, and took leave at a very early hour. I found myself, continued Mrs. Harris, much interested for her, and enquired her name, as she appeared to be our countrywoman, her name is Rivers, replied our friend, and I will acquaint you with what I know concerning her. Some time ago this lady took apartments at the next house, she had only a woman servant with her, and from her languid countenance it appeared she came here as a valetudinarian; I frequently saw her go out, but she appeared not to know any person, nor have any recommendations, which was rather I thought extraordinary. About six weeks ago, returning from a visit, I saw several persons about the door of the next house, and on enquiry heard a lady who lodged there had been overturned in a carriage, that one of her arms was broke in a most shocking manner, and she was supposed to be otherwise much hurt, that she was
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just then conveyed into the house senseless; I felt myself, continued she, very much affected by this account, and common humanity induced me to go in and see if I could be of any service, I found the poor lady in a most deplorable condition, just restored to her senses, and the surgeon that moment entered, I could not stay the operation, but advanced to the bed and assured her, myself and every thing in my house was at her service, and I would wait on her again when she was more composed, she could not speak and I withdrew. The surgeon, at my request, called upon me, when he had finished his painful task; he told me the arm was so much hurted that if it was possible to preserve it she certainly would lose the use of it, that she was otherwise much bruised, and he was apprehensive a dangerous fever would ensue; much affected at this relation, I returned before bed-time to see how she was, her condition was dreadful, in agonies of pain, I sent my own woman to sit up with her that night, and in the morning sent her

a very good woman as a nurse. As the surgeon feared a violent fever ensued, she was delirious three days, repeatedly raving about a daughter, Sir William Beaumont, Lady Beaumont, Monsieur Renier, and several other names. Her life for above a week was dispaired of, but through the skill of a worthy physician and surgeon, the fever began to abate, and the appearance of her arm took a more favorable turn than was at first expected. It was full a month before she was able to sit up and move about; I visited her every day, she had no acquaintance, nor did I know where she came from, but she appeared plunged in a profound melancholy, and her eyes ever filled with tears.

One day I took the liberty to request she would be more chearful, that possibly in time the use of her arm might be restored. Ah! madam, replied she, however great *that* affliction, it is the smallest part of my misery. You know not, madam, how unworthy I am of the favors you heap upon me,

me, but I will not suffer you any longer to be deceived; she then, though I vainly endeavored to oppose her, related to me her whole history, which you will excuse my repeating. I found she had been a woman of fashion and fortune, but gay, dissipated, and she said, criminal; she accused herself of destroying an amiable daughter by bad example and pernicious precepts; she mentioned Sir William and Lady Beaumont, the first as instrumental to the death of her child, the other as amiable and good, I found she had been deceived by a sharper under the name of Renier, who had robbed her, and whom she was in pursuit of at Aix. She said, the dreadful accident which had befallen her, and the prospect of death had brought her to a sense of all her crimes and misconduct, that having a small independence, which necessity would oblige her to retain; soon as she recovered she designed to retire somewhere in the environs of this place, for to England she never could return, and spend the remainder of her life in deep repentance."

When she had concluded her narrative, said the lady, I soothed and comforted her, I promised her my friendship, I applauded her resolution, and having a neat little box about a mile from Aix, where my children, when young, resided, I offered it to her acceptance which she gratefully accepted; this day is only the second time of her being out, and in another week she removes to her cottage, where I shall be her constant visitor, and sometimes prevail on her to reside with me here; I feel myself interested for her, and sure to confirm the good purposes, and speak peace to an afflicted and repentant heart is both a pleasure and a duty. When the lady had satisfied our curiosity, continued Mrs. Harris, I felt the natural compassion for a person under such circumstances, particularly as Sir William and Lady Beaumont were concerned in her relation; my good father, Mr. Harris, who is benevolence itself, requested I would write you and obtain some little information from Lady Beaumont respecting Mrs. Rivers, if that is her real name, and if we find her

her story true he will add to the little independence she mentioned, and enable her to pursue her good purposes without feeling any pecuniary difficulties; as a country-woman and our fellow creature, he says, "'tis our duty to assist her." Mrs. Harris concluded her letter with rejoicing in the re-establishment of her good father's health, and the happiness she enjoyed with his beloved son.

When Miss Maybank had perused the letter, she acquainted Mrs. Warner with every circumstance relative to Mrs. and Miss Rivers, and added, that she was persuaded her aunt would readily give the penitent-mother such an addition to her income, as might preclude the necessity of being obliged to strangers, and thereby lessening her consequence among them, and she undertook to mention it to her the first favorable opportunity. A day or two after this conversation, Miss Maybank being with her aunt alone in her dressing-room; her ladyship had

been talking over some melancholy circumstances that had passed, when she all at once, with a deep sigh, said, I wonder what is become of that unhappy woman, Mrs. Rivers? her niece eagerly caught the question, and without hesitation repeated every thing contained in Mrs. Harris's letter. Her ladyship shed a torrent of tears; poor woman, cried she, is she then at last sensible of her folly, what a situation is her's, and how bitter that grief which reflection tells us we have brought upon ourselves! it is my duty to prevent her from knowing pecuniary difficulties; alas! we are fellow sufferers, and if she feels remorse from the recollection of her past follies, I feel little less from the remembrance of fatal indulgencies, and improper conduct, which has brought on a train of ills, and rendered me miserable for life. After some struggles to subdue her grief, Lady Beaumont desired Miss Maybank to write Mr. Harris, that it was her wish to settle on Mrs. Rivers two hundred pounds a year for her life, which, said she, with the hundred

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hundred pounds already settled, will make a genteel independence, and as much as is necessary, where no superfluities can or ought to be wanted; she requested him to give Mrs. Rivers one hundred pounds in advance, and to tell her, Lady Beaumont would find great pleasure in hearing from her, and being of service to her at all times. Miss Maybank soon executed this pleasing office, and felt a supreme delight in communicating comfort and assistance to an afflicted mind.

CHAP. XXXV.

PEACE AND HAPPINESS RESTORED.

LADY Stanley and Mrs. Warner had been prevailed upon to extend their visit near a month, during which time Sir Charles Frankly and Captain Worthy had constantly come down three times a week, and the latter was grown so extremely attached to Sir Charles, that he looked forward with extreme regret to the time when he should be compelled to separate from a companion so amiable. He greatly admired Miss Maybank, and told Sir Charles, "had I seen that lady disengaged, I could not have preserved my heart, but as it is, I

rejoice

rejoice in the approaching happiness you must enjoy with such a charming young woman, there is no doubt of your mutual felicity, for you appear formed for each other." He had heard several times from his father, Lord Stormer and the colonel, all at Brussels was peace and happiness; they had been deeply affected at the death of Sir William, though it was an event they were prepared to expect, and Lord Stormer was impressed with the highest gratitude to providence, which, by bringing him to a sense of *his* errors, had enabled him to enjoy happiness, and look forward with tranquillity and hope; yet at times he felt the consequence of his follies, in laying him under a sense of the obligations he owed his charming wife, and her respectable friends; and this was all the drawback his felicity allowed of, and which served as a stimulus to engage him to persevere in the paths of virtue.

Lady Stanley and Mrs. Warner, after near a month's residence, took leave and

returned to Town, where Lady Beaumont promised to follow them in another month or six weeks; Sir Charles Frankly, Captain Worthy, and Mrs. Thornhill sat off to spend a week at Bath, and then return with all their friends to Town for the winter. During this time Lady Beaumont and her solicitor, settled all her affairs, the title and estate of Sion Park, reverted to a distant branch of her husband's family, her own fortune and jointure she was at liberty to dispose of, and she accordingly made her will and settled it on Miss Maybank, who was little less dear to her than her own child, and whose affectionate care had certainly prevented her from sinking under the late heavy calamity. Ah! said she, when finishing this business, the reluctance with which I quitted my beloved retirement, and the prophetic sigh which almost burst my heart, was too sure a preface of my future misfortunes, and that I should see that dear abode of peace and happiness no more! to see you united to a worthy virtuous man, my dear Louisa, is the
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only comfort I have to look forward to, and I have little doubt of your happiness with Sir Charles Frankly; a man who has no wilful errors, no crimes or deceits to reproach himself with, who has good sense, an amiable disposition, and an affectionate heart; such a man promises a woman in an union with him, all the felicity this world is capable of bestowing. In about ten days after the gentlemen went to Bath, they returned with Sir James and Lady Godfrey, Mr. and Mrs. Hargrave, Miss Raikson, Miss Gerrard and Lord Summers; Lady Summers staid another fortnight and hoped to prevail on Mrs. Minors to return with her. The whole set of friends paid a visit to Richmond, and prevailed on the ladies to return to Stanhope-street the following week. —Lord Summers, entirely cured of his passion for Miss Maybank, and warmly attached to Miss Raikson, congratulated Sir Charles on his success; I can tell you, though, said he, smiling, that had not pride stepped in, and bid me feel too haughty to marry a

woman who wished to be freed from me, you never would have had the prospect before you; long and severe were my struggles, but pride conquered, and proves that on some occasions 'tis a necessary virtue.

- They had now been in Town about a month, preparations were making for the marriages of Lord Summers and Mr. Thornhill, Sir Charles entreated the latter to intercede for him to Lady Beaumont, and having an opportunity, one morning, of entertaining Miss Maybank alone, he ventured to hint his wishes, that his happy day might be the same, as was to confirm the happiness of their common friends; Miss Maybank above affectation or disguise, and equally incapable of trifling with a heart devoted to her, referred him to her aunt, and promised to be governed by her advice; Sir Charles flew to Mr. Thornhill, who, with great pleasure, undertook the commission, and was most favorably heard by Lady Beaumont, she said, the only felicity she could

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now expect, was, the marriage of her niece, and, with great pleasure, she should resign her to Sir Charles Frankly, with whom she was every hour more satisfied. Consent being thus obtained, happiness shone in every countenance, Captain Worthy promised to remain with Sir Charles for a month after their union, and every one of the parties looked forward with bright hope and pleasing expectation for the completion of their wishes. The day at length arrived, so much desired, Lord Summers and Miss Raikson, Sir Charles Frankly and Miss Maybank, Mr. Thornhill and Miss Gerrard were all happily united at St. George's church; immediately after the ceremony they set off for Richmond, where they spent the day and returned to Town in the evening; Lady Beaumont, at Lady Frankly's request, accompanied her niece to Sir Charles's house, in Portman-square, where she promised to reside for the remainder of her days.

Thus,

Thus, after suffering much distress, and having her heart torn with anguish for the errors and recent death of a beloved son, a misfortune she ever deeply regretted, as originating from her mistaken fondness, and the errors of education, she passed the remainder of her life in peace, contemplating with transport the mutual felicity of Sir Charles and Lady Frankly, and looking forward without fear or reluctance to the happy hour which should re-unite her to a beloved husband and much lamented son. Sir Charles and Lady Frankly enjoyed through their lives that uninterrupted happiness which results from the practice of virtue; they partook of the amusements of the Town in compliance with custom and fashion, without making them the *business* of their lives; domestic pleasures were to them the source of every joy, and to smooth the down-hill of Lady Beaumont's days, and restore *her* tranquillity, their chief study. They were blest with a young family as amiable as their parents; and, by superintending their education

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tion themselves, and adding the force of *example* to the precepts they inculcated, had the inexpressible delight of seeing their children good and happy. Lord and Lady Summers, Sir James and Lady Godfrey, Mr. and Mrs. Hargrave and Mr. and Mrs. Thornhill, lived all happy and respected, and in a constant habit of friendship with the Franklys. Captain Worthy, after enjoying the happiness of his agreeable friends, returned to Brussels, where, in his own family, he found he had only changed one scene of felicity for another, and had liberty to engage his English friends would pay them a visit the following summer.

The other characters who had not *deserved*, could not expect to *enjoy* equal happiness. Mrs. Minors returned from Bath with her grandmother, but the restraint of *her* company being grown irksome to her, she took an elegant house in Town, entered largely into every folly and dissipation, and with *comparative* small income, contrived to spend
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three times the annual amount; Lord Delmot still continued his devoirs, and as her routes were splendid, and her entertainments elegant; she was never at a loss for a croud of frivolous company, who are to be found every where but at home. Her uncle and grandmother remonstrated, to no purpose, giddy, vain and indiscreet, whilst she could be flattered and admired, no admonitions were attended to: but alas! poor lady! a very few years deprived her of beauty and popularity, then envy and censure opened their malignant tongues, which, while she was in the high day of fashion had been awed into silence; deserted by her admirers, given up by her pretended friends, embarrassed in her circumstances, where could she look for comfort? 'twas then her real friends, her relations stepped into her relief, they brought her to a sense of her follies, and unable to support the contempt of a croud where she was once the idol, she retired into the country, and dragged on a melancholy existence, incapable of looking back with
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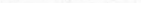
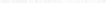
pleasure or forward with hope. Her only consolation was the attention of Lord and Lady Summers, who strove to give her that right turn of mind which might reconcile her to herself by a performance of religious duties which they made pleasant to her by example; but early habits are difficult to subdue and the same inattention which prevented her from profiting by education in her juvenile days, pervaded in all her duties; she lived without pleasure, and ended her days with regret and remorse at the early age of thirty two. Mrs. Rivers, penetrated with the warmest gratitude to Lady Beaumont, accepted of her bounty, she was really become a true penitent; she retired a little distance from Aix, and lived a life of repentance and remorse; she frankly acknowledged all her errors to the good lady who first took notice of her, and owned they originated from vanity and folly, she bitterly regretted the death of her daughter, who, she said, fell a victim to a wrong mode of education, were only exterior accomplishments

ments were attended to, and the more valuable endowments of the mind entirely neglected—with a strong sense of her misconduct and continual remorse, and the shock her constitution received from an accident she never thoroughly recovered, she lived but a few years, and those were full of sorrow, but at her death she expired as became a christian, in deep *penitence*, and humbly trusting that it might be accepted at the throne of grace.

And now my young friends, behold, in the examples before you, the very little happiness to be attained by the possession of riches, beauty, or superficial accomplishments; all which are desirable when united with good sense, a steady judgment, and a strict observance of our several duties; but without the more estimable improvement of the mind, obtain only a partial admiration from the gay and unthinking part of the world, which a slight illness, a diminution of fortune, may interrupt; and advanced years must assuredly

ly destroy.—Where then is the recourse of the admired belle or gay dissipated man of fashion? flattery, admiration and respect changed into contempt and reproach, they look back with regret on their mispent time, never to be recalled; and without one real friend, one self-approving reflection, drag on a miserable existence and end their days despised and unlamented! but in the examples of Miss Maybank, Mrs. Harris, and their amiable friends, behold the happiness which is attendant on goodness, virtue and a generous self-denial; the effects of a good education, and good principles. Respected and esteemed by the judicious part of mankind, they enjoyed all the felicity this world is capable of bestowing; and at the eve of life, the still more desirable approbation of their own hearts, from the consciousness of having performed to the best of their abilities, those duties which constitute the happiness of society, and by the most amiable examples trained up their children to the practice of every virtue.

F I N I S.





ERRATUM

VOL. I.

Page.	Line.
36	14 for <i>embibed</i> read <i>imbibed</i> .
40	22 for <i>tbe</i> read <i>a</i> .
47	9 for <i>devested</i> read <i>divested</i> .
50	3 for <i>embibed</i> read <i>imbibed</i> .
86	24 for <i>which</i> read <i>that</i> .
88	14 for <i>condoled</i> read <i>consoled</i> .
102	2 for <i>idle habits</i> read <i>of idle habits</i> .
160	25 for <i>wining</i> read <i>wining</i> .
163	22 for <i>dismised</i> read <i>dismissed</i> .
165	4 for <i>must</i> read <i>most</i> .

VOL. II.

48	3 for <i>a</i> read <i>no</i> .
50	2 for <i>is</i> read <i>in</i> .
81	5 for <i>dulcinia</i> read <i>dulcinea</i> .
96	-- dele second line.

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7	15 for <i>berd</i> read <i>heard</i> .
11	4 add the word <i>for</i> .
29	7 for <i>we've</i> read <i>we have</i> .
34	21 for <i>delerium</i> read <i>delirium</i> .
98	11 dele the word <i>bad</i> .
99	4 dele the words <i>of fortune</i> .
264	6 dele the word <i>acceptance</i> .



